THE JANUARY

# ROYAL

4D.

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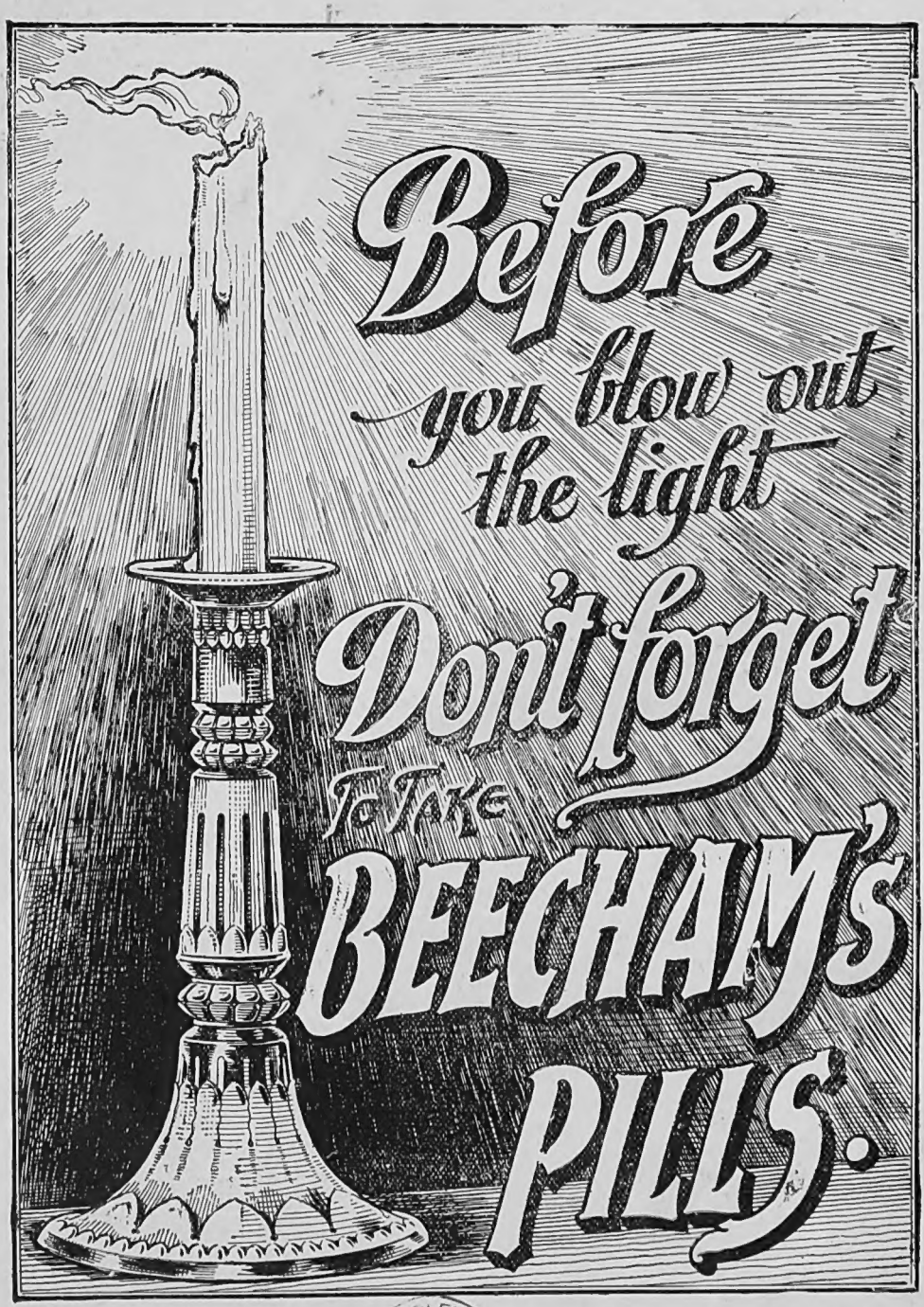
LONDON, W.C.

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# DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

**Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Throat Irritation, Influenza, Worry, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, etc., use**

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

*It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.*

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**IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA, AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.**

*You cannot overstate the great value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in keeping the blood pure and free from disease. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of Life is immensely increased.*

**"AS AN ILLUSTRATION** of the beneficial effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in a hearty manner. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find, myself, that it makes a very refreshing and invigorating drink."—*(From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)*

**IMPORTANT TO PARENTS.**—A Gentleman writes under date Jan. 31st, 1900: "MY LITTLE BOY, who is seven years old, had a very bad attack of LARYNGITIS, followed by INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, leaving his bowels very troublesome and costive. About Spring-time of last year I was strongly advised to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and I am happy to say that since taking it he has never been better in his life."

**THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.**

***CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.***

**Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.**




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# Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

# "TATCHO"

## The Hair Renewer.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair, **Greeting. Know all of you**—In consequence of the immediate demand for my remedy—'TATCHO'—and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."—

**Mr. G. R. SIMS,** in the *Referee*.

*Photo by*] The Discoverer of "TATCHO." [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

**FROM TO-DAY YOUR OWN CHEMIST OR STORES WILL SUPPLY THE LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE OF TATCHO," 4/6 SIZE FOR 1/10.**

**In making this arrangement the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large trial bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.**

NOTE.—If it is more convenient to order direct from the Company's Depot, cut out the Coupon and post it with the necessary remittance to the

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"**LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,**" said **Mr. Geo. R. Sims** to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In 'Tatcho' I have discovered a **remedy capable of working wonders.**"

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"**BETTER THAN ANYTHING**—" "I find the Renewer better than anything I have ever tried. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time."—Major-Gen. KEATE, High Croft, Winchester.

"**THE MARVELLOUS RESULTS**—" "I have used one bottle, but (being so pleased with the marvellous results) I had given nearly the whole of it away to my friends, whom I induced to try it."—Col. PERRY, 16, Duke Street, Dublin, October 26, 1901.

"**MY DOCTOR COULD HARDLY BELIEVE**—" "I have used 'Tatcho' with the result that my hair has grown to a wonderful extent after a severe illness, when it nearly all came off. Everyone is surprised. My doctor could hardly believe when he saw my hair growing."—(Mrs.) E. SEARLE, 2, Ranelagh Gardens, Pimlico, S.W., October 29, 1901.

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Provided this coupon is sent to us within one month, or presented at our offices, corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, we bind ourselves to send one large trial bottle of Mr. George R. Sims' Hair Renewer, "Tatcho," 4s. 6d. size, for the sum of 1s. 10d., post free, in a plain sealed package

**COUPON.**

*R. M.*,

January, 1902.

**"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World, in Bottles, at 1s., 2s. 9d., & 5s.**

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. "TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.


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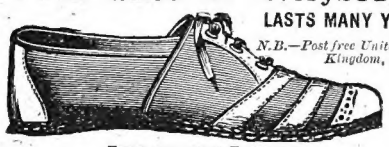

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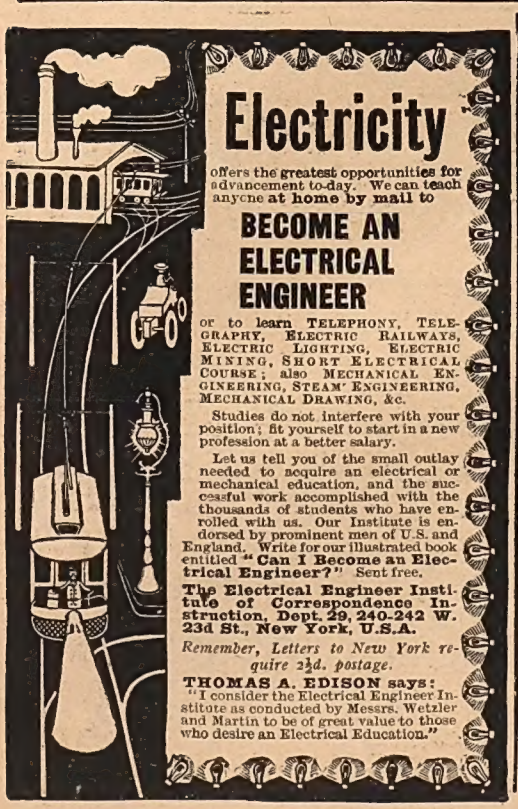

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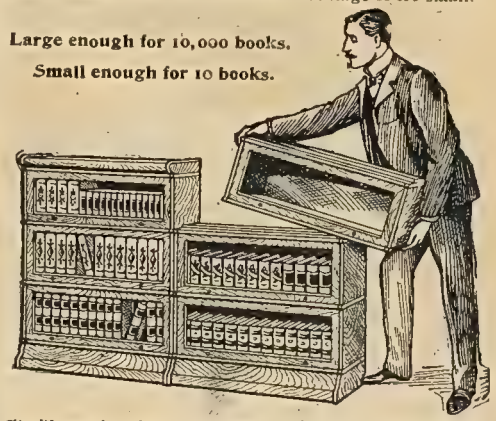

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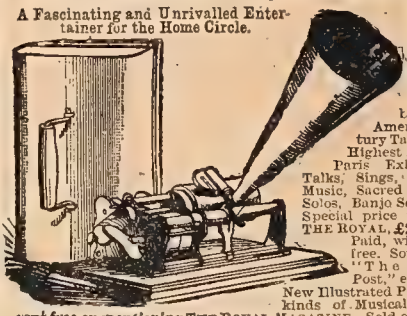

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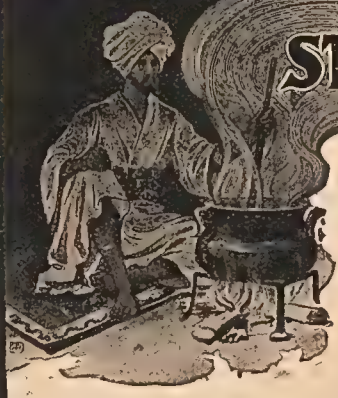

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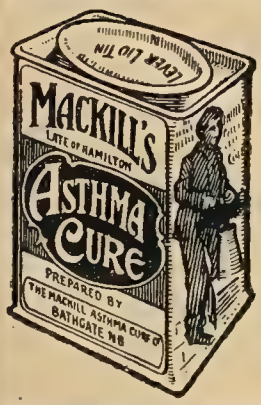


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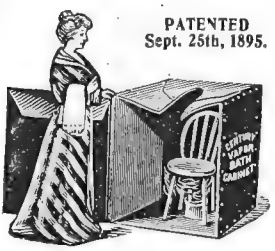


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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

In the November ROYAL various opinions were credited to Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., which he by no means entertains. We beg to express our regret for the misapprehension to which their publication was due.

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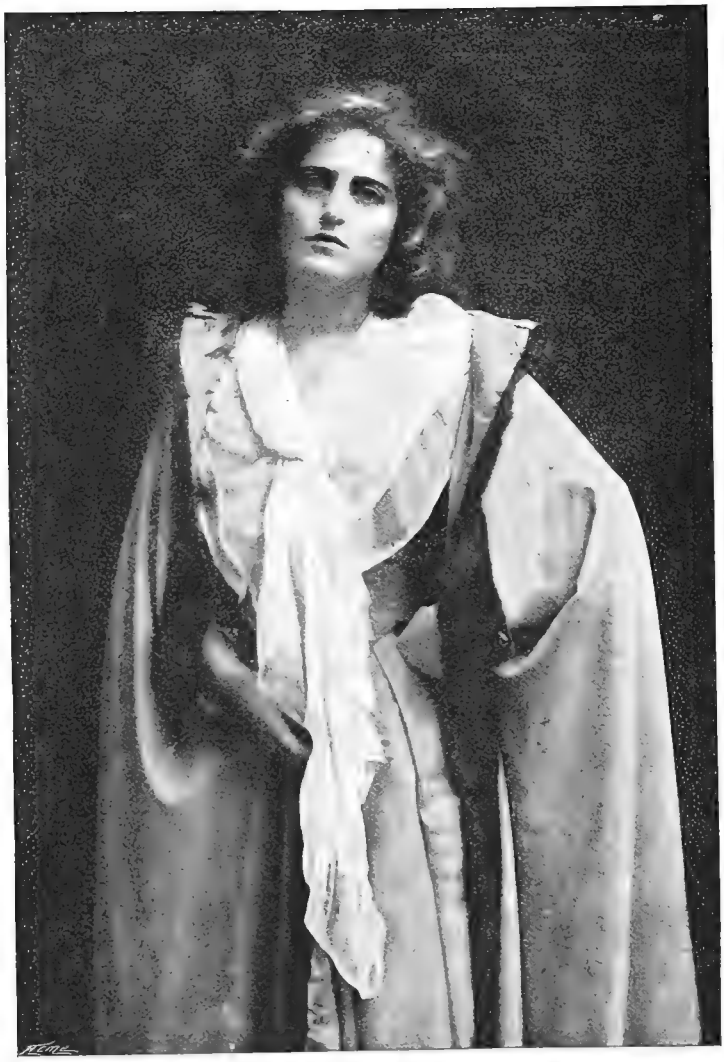

*Photo, Bushnell.*

## MAXINE ELLIOTT.

By general consent, she holds the enviable position of the fairest woman on the stage: and grace and genius are also hers. Was there ever a woman more divinely gifted? And yet "if a long-suffering public would only pension me off," she says, "how happy I would be to leave the stage!" Her husband, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, has a large place in Kent where "Miss Elliott" would gladly spend the rest of her days far from the excitement and worry which invariably follow in the wake of success.

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# FROM · THE · STALLS

*Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.*

## WILLIAM GILLETTE,

### As SHERLOCK HOLMES.

He is an American of good family, a distinguished playwright, one of the most remarkable actors on the modern stage, and a personality distinctly original. When not playing, his time is divided between his home in Hartford, his yacht, and the bungalow he owns in the mountains of South Carolina. This bungalow is in the heart of a densely wooded tract, and Mr. Gillette spends his vacation there with only a servant as companion. It is a portion of the United States infested by a desperate class of men who distil illicit whisky, and many a fatal fight has taken place between them and the Revenue Officers. For some years these desperadoes looked upon Mr. Gillette with suspicion, but now he and his neighbours are on fairly friendly terms.



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*Photo W & D. Downey*

## MAUDE FEALY.

Raise your hats, gentlemen, for this is Miss Maude Fealy, of Memphis, a genius of seventeen: the youngest leading lady in the world. Her history is given best in her own words: "I made my *début* when I was barely three years old. I was an angel in the ascending scene of *Faust*. Until I was eleven I took children's parts, and then left the stage and went to school, playing in stock companies during the summer holidays. But later on I found some difficulty in getting an engagement. The managers said I was capable enough but too young. Oh, how I longed to be five and twenty!" But now Miss Fealy is fairly launched, and in a few years she may become one of the best-known actresses in the world. As for her personal appearance, look at her picture. Is she not as fresh and sweet as those lilies in her dress?

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*Photo, Ellis & Walery.*

## WILLIE EDOUIN.

"I am one of the oldest actors on the stage—not in age, but in experience." For Mr. Edouin's first appearance on the boards was in 1849. He was Master Willie Edouin then, and the piece in which he appeared was a play, entitled, "The Living Marionettes.' His success since then has been slow but sure, and to-day there is no more popular actor on the stage than he. A hard worker, Willie Edouin, wonderfully energetic and never tired. He has played in every part of the globe, and especially in Australia during the gold fever of the sixties. There he travelled about from camp to camp with his family in a van, on the sides of which were inscribed in large red letters: "The Celebrated Edouin Family, in Farce, Comedy, and Burlesque." The performances mostly took place in tents, sometimes in the open air. But those days are long past. Mr. Edouin always plays in a theatre to-day.

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*Photo, William Whiteley.*

## ADA REEVE.

At twelve she appeared as a serio-comic singer, and at fourteen she was recognised as one of the leading artists on the variety stage. She combines genius with orderliness and system—rare combination!—and may be frequently seen doing embroidery work between the acts.

She never breakfasts later than eight o'clock, no matter how late she has stayed up at night, and if not able to take her six mile walk in Richmond Park her misery is profound. She has the reputation of being the highest paid actress on the London stage, and lately refused an offer of—£200 a week, if you please!

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# ESMÉ . . BERINGER.

Did you see her performance at the Palace — one of the most sensational feats of swordsmanship ever seen on the stage? Miss Beringer, who is among the finest lady fencers living, learned the art mainly from Captain Alfred Hutton, a gentleman known in military circles as "Cold Steel," and also from Mr. Egerton Castle, the well-known novelist. Her performance was not altogether unattended with danger, for although the weapons are comparatively blunt, they are capable of inflicting nasty gashes. "But then," said Miss Beringer, "one suffers so much for first-night performances, that a mere sword-cut becomes quite a matter of indifference."

*Photo, W. & D. Downey.*

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*Photo, Ellis & Walery.*

## LILY HANBURY.

Mr. George Alexander has given many fine actresses their first chance, and Miss Lily Hanbury was his most successful *protégé*. He gave her the leading part in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and since then the world of managers has treated her with great deference. Tall and superbly handsome, Miss Hanbury is the least affected of women. Her sole aversions seem to be hansom cabs and cats—but the former she continues to patronise, preferring to risk her life than to descend to four-wheelers, whilst a very swarthy member of the latter was lately seated in the most comfortable chair in her drawing-room. I pointed to it. "Ah well," she said, "it threw itself on my hospitality. I hadn't really the heart to turn it away."

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*Photo, Ellis & Walery.*

## PHYLLIS DARE.

Did I say a few months ago that Miss Beatrice Terry was the prettiest and best child-actress on the English stage? If so, I must express my apologies to Miss Dare, sweet little Miss Phyllis Dare, for having placed her among the second best. She is quite in the first row: a clever actress, a charming singer, and a wonderful dancer for one so young. May she live and prosper as the years go on!

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# Concerning a Kiss.

By J. J. Bell.

It was five o'clock in the morning when I stopped pacing the floor of my room and sat down at the writing-table. I dipped my pen and wrote:—"My dear Mildred." For about a minute I regarded this beginning, then I tore up the sheet of notepaper and started afresh.

My dear Miss Mildred,—A few hours ago you told me that our friendship was at an end, and that you did not wish to see me again. I daresay my behaviour merited punishment, but if you knew how much I have felt your displeasure since you left me last night I think you would be merciful. I can offer no excuse that you would accept; yet I write to ask your forgiveness and your forgetfulness of my rude folly. Pray try to blot that one moment of madness from your memory with the belief in my regret for having offended you. I may not see you before I leave for town this morning, but, if you can grant my request, will you write to me? and allow me still to remain—Your friend, J. M.

It was a wretchedly bald epistle I thought as I read it over; yet it had cost me much misery, and I groaned as I sealed it in an envelope. The sun was blazing in at my window as I softly opened the door and crept downstairs. Mildred's room was on the ground floor, and, after listening to make sure that I was the only person stirring in the house, I pushed the letter under her door and hastened away guiltily. It wasn't worth while going to bed, I argued on my way upstairs, so I retraced my steps, and quietly let myself out into the garden.

The cool morning air refreshed, if it did not cheer me; and after half-an-hour's stroll among the shrubs and flower beds I sat down in the summer-house and lit a cigarette. It was rather disgusting to my dignity to find my fingers decidedly shaky as I applied the match, and I was calling myself a nervous idiot and a sentimental ass when I heard the sound of footsteps approaching my refuge. I hoped it was not Mildred's father out for an early stroll, for I was in no humour for a discussion on roses, the favourite theme of the genial old gentleman. So, dropping my cigarette and treading on it, I shrank into a corner of the summer-house to wait the passing of the other early riser.

Suddenly, through the tiny gaps in the green, I caught sight of something white and, a moment later, the gleam of a silver belt, which I recognised as Mildred's. She passed the summer-house without looking in, and somehow a mist came before my eyes, and my throat seemed half-choked. With an effort I rose, stepped into the garden, and said "good morning" to the back of her trim figure.

She turned and bowed, but did not retrace her steps. "Good morning," she said quietly.

"It's a lovely morning," I remarked, after moistening my lips. I had stopped short on leaving the summer-house, and there were fully five yards between us. "I—I didn't know you got up so early here," I said, as she made no response to my former observation.

"I happened to waken early this morning," she returned.

I took out my watch, but found it had stopped. "What time is it now, do you know?" I asked.

"Nearly seven. Your breakfast will soon be ready. You are going by the 8.15 train, aren't you?"

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"Yes, Miss Mildred."

"Then you may have some packing to do, so I won't keep you. Good-bye, Mr. Maclean."

She didn't move, so I went forward and held out my hand. She gave me hers slowly and, it seemed, grudgingly.

"Did you get my note?" I blurted out.

"Yes," she answered, withdrawing her hand and looking away from me.

"And—and your answer?"

She did not appear to have heard me.

"Mildred!" I whispered.

She shook her head impatiently.

"You mean you don't want to be friends again?"

"Oh, it's impossible!"

"Why—why?"

She glanced at me—just for a second—and I forgot my own trouble.

"Don't be miserable about it, Mildred," I cried. "I'll go."

She nodded approvingly, I thought.

"I understand how it is," I said sadly. "You can't see me without thinking about—*it*. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," she answered very softly.

"Well, then, if that's the case, I've no hope. I thought you might forget, and be friends again."

There was a pause. Then—"I can't forget . . . I suppose you think I'm stupid . . . but . . . oh, please go."

"What a brute I was!" I muttered.

"It's different for you, I expect," she sighed.

"Of course it is," I broke out; "the—the thing was hateful to you, and—and sweet to me."

"Hush, Mr. Maclean," she murmured, and her face grew rosy.

"Though I've lost your friendship," I went on madly, "I've got something dearer to—"

"Oh, don't!"

"Forgive me! I wanted more than your friendship, Mildred, and now I've nothing—nothing but the memory of a ——"

"Oh!"

"A kiss—a kiss stolen in the dark of this garden—ah! Mildred!"

She shivered, and her face was pale. "It was horrible," she whispered as if to herself.

"Horrible for you."

"You believe that; you truly believe that?" she demanded, looking me straight in the eyes.

"Surely I've reason to believe it," I answered bitterly.

I said 'good morning" to the back of her trim figure.

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"I'm so glad," she said softly, and turned away.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "was it such a crime? Is it such a sin to love you?"

She started as if she had been struck.

"Mildred," I said gently, after a moment.

She made no response, and the long silence which followed was disturbed only by a bird hidden somewhere near us, who suddenly burst into a fit of hysterical delight as if he knew all about it, and was, therefore, immensely amused. I kicked the gravel savagely, and he fled with a foolish little shriek. I glanced at Mildred, but she was nervously fingering and carefully examining one of the silver buttons of her blouse; she appeared to have forgotten my presence, and the words I would have spoken deserted me.

Not that I had anything of importance to say; I felt that I had already said too much. Yet, while common sense suggested my immediate departure, I lingered on in the melancholy hope of receiving the only thing I could hope for—a friendly word.

But that never came; and at last, in despair, I spoke again. "You needn't worry about what I said just now. I was a fool to allow myself to say it."

She let go the silver button, and looked up at me.

"But—but I can't help loving you, dear," I cried, losing once more my self-command before the loveliness of her eyes. Her mouth quivered. "Don't be sorry about me, Mildred. It isn't your fault. Or—is it possible that you're still angry?"

She simply stared at me.

"Mildred, if you can't forget, you might forgive. If I kissed you once last night I had resisted the temptation a thousand times before. I knew you didn't care for me except in a friendly way, but last night I—oh, I couldn't help it."

Still she stared at me.

"I believe you're right after all—it's impossible for us to be friends again. . . Good-bye." And I made to go.

But suddenly she held out her hands.

"Oh, Jim!" she said. "Oh, Jim!"

"What, Mildred?" I asked stupidly.

"Oh, Jim!"

And that seemed to be all she could say, and she trembled so that I made her enter the summer-house and sit down.

"Shall I leave you here?" I said, thinking she was overwrought.

A smile—a little smile—came and hovered about the corners of her mouth.

"If—if you like," she said.

"What is it? What do you mean, Mildred?" I demanded. "I've been up all night, and perhaps—"

"So have I!"

"Mildred!"

"Oh, it's nothing," she said airily, and began to cry; and before I quite knew what I had done I had her in my arms.

"I thought you didn't really c—c—care for me," she said presently. "And it was dreadful to be k—k—kissed in f—fun."

"And what is it to be kissed in earnest?" I asked, laughing with a lump in my throat.

"I—I don't know, Jim."

"Don't you? . . . Well, do you know now?"

"Y—es."

"What's it like, dear?"

"It's b—bearable. . . . Oh, there's the gong for your breakfast!" she exclaimed, as a booming sound came from the house.

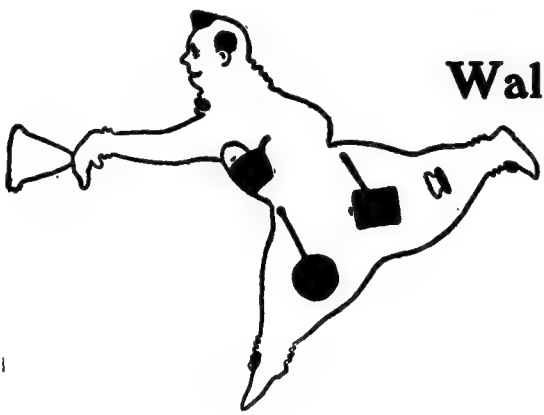
"Bother breakfast!" said I.

"But the eight-fifteen train, Jim?"

"Bother it, also!"

"You'll get the nine-forty, then?"

"Yes," said I, comfortably. But I didn't.



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# JOHNNY LEE.

By W. J. Crosbie.

He is wonderfully shy, tho' he's over six feet high;
  Yet he's plucky tho' he looks so very meek.
For in spite of snow or hail Johnny Lee will never fail
  To come here half a dozen times a week.
In the corner he will sit; and at times he talks to Kit,
  But he very seldom says a word to me;
For he seems to be afraid of a saucy country maid—
  Oh, you very silly, stupid Johnny Lee!
    You silly, stupid, six-foot Johnny Lee!

Now a day or two ago I was milking Floss; and so
  As I came along I couldn't help a smile,
For there in front of me, I could see big Johnny Lee,
  Arrayed in all his glory, at the stile.
"Good morning, John!" I said, with the milk-can on my head,
  And with that, he said he'd carry it for me;
So I handed him the can, while he blushed beneath the tan:
  "I thank ye, Nell!" said Farmer Johnny Lee.
    And not another word said Johnny Lee.

With his brown eyes fixed on me, foolish Johnny couldn't see
  The path that stretched before him, I suppose,
Anyhow, the clumsy man tumbled headlong with the can,
  And upset the milk all over his new clothes,
It was rude to laugh, I know, but poor Johnny's look of woe
  Was really very comical to see.
"The can is empty—quite; but your eyes, Nell, are so bright
  They blinded me!" said blushing Johnny Lee—
    'Twas rather smart, I thought, for Johnny Lee.

Mother says it is too bad to be teasing the poor lad.
  (Now I wonder if he's coming here to-day!)
P'raps she's right. And if he's true—well I guess it doesn't do
  To be playing tricks on Cupid in this way.
Yes, his heart is true, I know. But he's so clumsy and he's slow,
  And I tell them all he's not the man for me.
He's the nuisance of my life. But—he seems to need a wife,
  So I think I'll have to marry Johnny Lee,
    Yes, I think I'd like to marry Johnny Lee.

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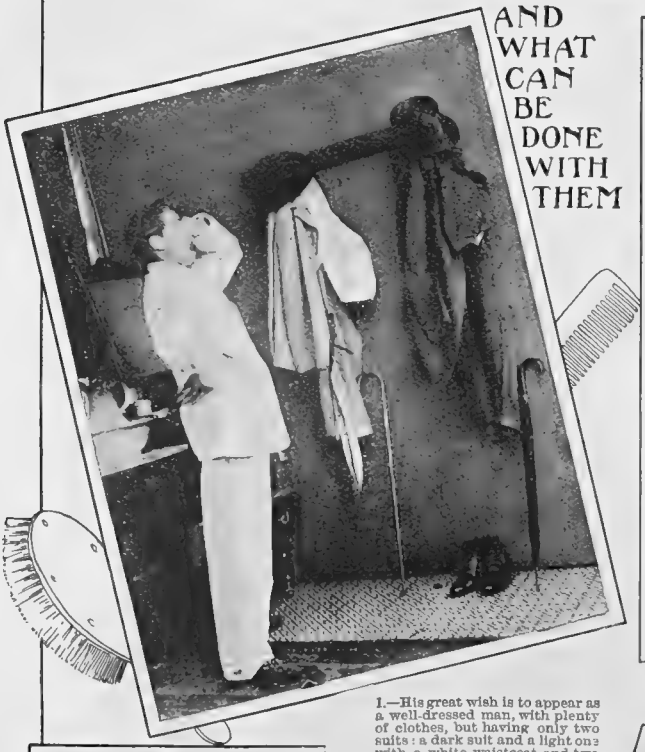
# TWO SUITS

## AND WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH THEM



1.—His great wish is to appear as a well-dressed man, with plenty of clothes, but having only two suits: a dark suit and a light one with a white waistcoat and two hats—a top hat and a bowler—how is he to manage it?

2.—On the following morning he appears in the dark coat and trousers, the white waistcoat and the top hat—an excellent combination for paying calls in.

3.—Next day he thinks he will take a stroll in the park, so he changes the dark for the light trousers.

4.—And as the weather is very hot two days later he dons the whole light suit and the bowler.

Google

5.—For a rainy day the whole dark suit is just the thing to wear.

6.—He is off to the Derby, so he dons the white waistcoat with the dark coat, and wears a bowler.

6.—Though some may object to a dark pair of trousers, with a light coat and waistcoat and a top hat, few will cavil at our friend's appearance in them. What could be better for the city?

7.—Nor does a top hat look at all bad with the whole light suit.

8.—And the following day he changes the white waistcoat for the dark one, the bowler for the top hat, and is eminently successful.

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10.—Weather doubtful: hence the white waistcoat and the bowler. He is therefore prepared for both rain and sun.

11.—He wouldn't dare to appear in this costume in town: but for the suburbs it does very well.

13.—Another combination suitable for the race-course.

12.—How do you like him now, with the bowler and the dark waistcoat and trousers?

14.—And the same costume, with a top hat, makes all the difference in the world in his appearance.

Google

# A BEAR HUNT WHILE YOU WAIT

By

Fred Whishaw.

Prince Henry of Arenburg-Lipphausen entertained a marked and peculiar admiration for Baron von Arnheim, chamberlain of his court and prime favourite both of himself and of the Princess his spouse. His serene Highness had missed the Baron sorely while the latter had been absent upon a certain mission to the court of St. Petersburg, a mission connected with matrimonial projects between princely and Grand Ducal persons which, though interesting, have nothing to do with this narrative. Von Arnheim dined with the Prince and his family on the night of his return, and entertained his serene Highness with a spirited description of his doings at the Court of Muscovy.

That which interested Prince Henry more than anything else in this narrative was the account Arnheim gave—a sufficiently realistic one, be it admitted—of a certain battue organised by the Grand Duke Anthony with a view to showing the envoy from Lipphausen one of the methods of hunting and killing the Russian bear. Von Arnheim seeing the interest which his narrative aroused, enlarged upon the thrilling excitement of the occasion: the ringing of the huge, fierce creature; the waiting of the sportsmen, each at his post; the deafening tumult suddenly—at a signal—upraised by the beaters; the agitation; the uncertainty; which way would he go? Upon whom would he deliver his savage attack? to whom would fall the glory of overthrowing the great beast? Then the shot fired, the yells of the beaters, the attempts of the wounded creature to force his way through; the intrepidity of the peasants who turned him back; the shout from the Grand Duke and then the discharge of His Imperial Highness's gun and his cry of triumph "the bear is dead, let the shouting cease."

"*Blauer Himmel!*" exclaimed his serene Highness, wiping his forehead, which positively glistened with the excitement which von Arnheim's realistic narrative had occasioned—"Blue Heaven, von Arnheim, I must have a bear-hunt without delay! Thunder and Lightning and Storm-Weather! why, the sport is a magnificent one! Why has a bear-hunt never been suggested to me?" Prince Henry now looked quite indignant.

"Bears are not so common in your serene Highness's dominions as in the country of the Tsar," began von Arnheim.

"But they do exist?" interrupted the Prince.

"Undoubtedly so, though they are rare. I have seen them in the forest of Schwartzenveldt, and even nearer the capital—"

"Ha! nearer the capital—that is good! Send for Bergmann, the Master of the Hunt, and we will organise forthwith a bear battue. Storm-Weather! von Arnheim, you have revived my appetite for the chase which has slumbered for years."

Von Arnheim was not too pleased to hear it. He knew Prince Henry well, and was fully aware that when his Highness set his heart upon anything, there was no peace until he had obtained his desire. An obstinate disposition as ever marred the benevolent character of a prince was that of Henry of Arenburg-Lipphausen, though the prince was usually kind and considerate to a fault.

Therefore von Arnheim merely replied that whatsoever his Highness deigned to command—whether a bear-hunt or anything else—he might rest assured that his orders should be promptly executed.

Moreover he contrived to see Bergmann before his admission into the private apartment of the Prince, and to warn him.

"The Prince desires a bear-hunt," he whispered hurriedly; "is there any chance of a bear within ten miles or so?"

"Not the slightest; he'd have to go to the

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Schwartzenveldt forest;" said Bergmann. "What is this new and foolish idea?"

"He won't go so far and he means to have the bear," said Arnheim. "You'll have to——"

But the Prince at this moment sent a hurried message to Bergmann to appear before him at once, and the embarrassed Master of the Hunt entered his Highness's dining-room in some trepidation. Von Arnheim followed him, though he would rather have kept away. He feared that Bergmann might require his support, which indeed was the case.

"Aha, Bergmann!" said the prince; "von Arnheim, you will be pleased to hear, has aroused my dormant taste for the sport. I wish to enjoy a bear chase."

"When, your Highness?" asked Bergmann.

"The sooner the better, while I am in the mood. To-morrow afternoon shall we say?"

Bergmann glanced helplessly at von Arnheim, who nobly stepped into the gap.

"I think such an undertaking demands more time for preparation, Highness," he said—"four days, or three at the least."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Prince, to Bergmann's immense surprise and disgust, for he had never seen his Highness in this obstinate mood. "Why do I pay a high salary to a Master of the Hunt if I may not enjoy a chase when I feel so disposed! To-morrow, I say, let it be; no later.

"But, Highness," faltered poor Bergmann —"your Highness perhaps forgets that this is not Russia; bears are—"

"I forget nothing; Arnheim has seen bears near the capital; let your *Jaegers* go out and find one; they grow fat for want of work; I shall not spare them."

"But, Highness," began Bergmann foolishly, but the Prince turned upon him with an angry stamp of the foot. Again von Arnheim saved the situation:

"It is true, Highness, there are bears nearer the capital than the Schwartzenveldt forests; one shall be found by to-morrow; I have myself seen one near the village of Kuhlenkranz, and there we shall set the *Jaegers* to search."

"Good," said the Prince relaxing his frowns, "that is good, von Arnheim. And Bergmann," he added, "von Arnheim has lately taken part in a bear chase; you will profit by his experience. I should like the battue to be arranged upon the lines of those which the Baron has seen in Russia."

"This is a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Bergmann, when the Prince had dispatched both men. "What on earth did you mean by promising him a bear at Kuhlenkranz, Arnheim? You must surely be aware that the last bear disappeared from those parts before you were in your cradle! How could you tell his Highness you had seen one? Were you mad or are you trying to discredit and ruin me?"

"My good man, you did not realise that his Highness was in that state of mind that to contradict him was impossible. He must have a bear-hunt to-morrow; very well, he *shall* have one. It is true that I have seen a bear at Kuhlenkranz; it was a dancing bear and belonged to a huge peasant who used to bring it to town and make a living out of the poor beast whenever work was scarce. The Prince wants a bear—very well, there's the bear. We can drive over to Kuhlenkranz to-night, and buy it."

"But, man, it will get up on its hind legs and dance before him!" said Bergmann. "And what shall we say then?"

"Bah! His serene Highness knows no more about bears than you do, my friend, and that is nothing. We shall tell him that bears always walk upon their hind legs when about to hurl themselves upon the enemy."

"Well—I see no other way out of the dilemma. I do not think very highly of your scheme, Arnheim; it is dangerous and liable to sudden failure, but we are in a tight place, thanks to your rashness, and we must get out of it as best we may."

This was not generous of Bergmann, but von Arnheim made allowances for him, since he was obviously frightened and embarrassed by the strange vagary of the Prince.

So the two courtiers drove down to Kuhlenkranz without delay, and found, after some trouble, the owner of the bear, one Max Gerster. This was a huge man, standing several inches over six feet, and built like a Hercules. He listened to von Arnheim's explanation; a bear was required, alive: would he sell his?

"What, old Kapitan?" said Max grinning.

"If that is his name, yes!"

"I'll show you all that remains of old Kapitan," said Max, retiring to a closet, and he brought out the skin of a large bear that must have weighed 400 pounds. The head was roughly stuffed with tightly packed tow, and a pair of big glass eyes had been stuck in the sockets; the mouth was open in a perpetual grin, showing a fine set of teeth and a wooden tongue coloured bright red.

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"That's all that remains of old Kapitan," said Max, "and it is not for sale, though you can hire it if you please."

Bergmann was about to turn aside in anger and disappointment. He got as far as the curse with which he intended to preface his remark, but von Arnheim interrupted him.

"We will not only hire the skin, my friend," he said, "but yourself also; and if we are satisfied with your efforts to perform the part imposed upon you, you shall be paid a sum of five hundred marks for your services. Do you agree?" Max roared with laughter.

"That is good pay for a day's work, but what shall I be expected to do, Herr Graf?" he asked.

Then von Arnheim invited Max into the little inn of the place, and over a glass or two of Bavarian beer certain arrangements were made which caused Max immense amusement, and von Bergmann anxiety equally acute, though he was obliged perforce to agree to them, for want of any other exit from an awkward dilemma.

The net result of the conference was, that by the following afternoon Bergmann was enabled to report to his Highness that a bear had been ringed near Kuhlenkranz; that beaters had been engaged and posted, and that all was prepared for the chase which the Prince had commanded.

"I hope to goodness it will turn out all right," said Bergmann despondently as the two conspirators, in their landau, preceded the princely equipage *en route* for the chase.

"If Max is not too drunk to remember my last injunctions," replied Arnheim, "it *must* turn out all right."

Arnheim's "last injunctions" had consisted of the following mysterious words: "Be sure you escape through the beaters, in the direction of Karlshut, and when you are out of the ring, run like the wind. Stand no nonsense from any beater who tries to stop you!"

His serene Highness Prince Henry IV. of Arenberg-Lipphausen was in a state of exaltation of spirit when Bergmann and Arnheim assisted him from his carriage at a spot within half a mile of the "ring."

"Is all well?" he inquired anxiously. "Is the bear a large one, and is there no doubt of his presence in the ring?"

"Not the slightest, Highness," said Arnheim with truth; "all is well; the bear is both large and fierce—"

As though to justify the first part of Arnheim's speech, there was heard at this moment an awe-inspiring sound of roaring, mingled with moaning, as of a bear who is both vexed and also unquiet in mind. The din came from the forest half a mile away, and the Prince's cheek seemed to blanch somewhat at the sound of it.

"Blue Heaven!" he exclaimed, "he is certainly there. Why does he roar, von Arnheim. Does it mean that he has become alarmed by the presence of beaters?"

Arnheim would have replied, if he could have expressed his real thoughts, that the bear roared because he was an impatient, and probably intoxicated idiot; but what he actually said was, that undoubtedly the creature had become alarmed and would probably attempt to escape. "The sooner the chase begins, Highness, the surer we shall be of him," he ended.

So the Prince was hurried to his place—a small open space in the midst of thick cover,

"Blue Heaven, von Arnheim. I must have a bear hunt without delay."

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and Arnheim himself stood at his elbow. The Prince was well armed with a double-barrelled rifle of the best English make, and Arnheim held in his own hands the companion to it. The Prince also carried a hunting knife of huge dimensions and formidable sharpness, in case the bear should come, by some accident, to close quarters.

A quarter of an hour passed in silence and almost breathless expectancy, while Bergmann walked round the ring in order to inform the head *Jaeger* that the prince was in his place and awaiting the commencement of the chase.

On his way Bergmann passed through a portion of the ring with the intention of finding, if he could, the bear, and of impressing upon that ferocious animal the necessity of behaving himself like a reasonable being. But as Bergmann peered about for the brute, it suddenly jumped out at him with a roar and pursued him, to his unutterable disgust, almost into the arms of the *Jaeger*.

The *Jaeger* behaved with great presence of mind. Anticipating the intention of Bergmann in coming to find him, he instantly blew his horn, and the beaters with one accord proceeded to shout, to work their rattles, to whistle, to yell, and to turn the silence of the forest into a general pandemonium of din which seemed to startle and bewilder the bear and drove him back into the ring.

As a matter of fact, sufficient watch had not been put upon the actions of Max Gerster during the night which preceded the chase. Consequently the bear, impatiently awaiting the battue of the following afternoon, had incautiously over-fortified himself against the fatigues and perils of the coming chase, with the result that when the din and uproar of the beaters commenced, he incontinently lost his head—as a poor, driven creature, from a hare to a tiger, will do under similar circumstances—and began to run hither and thither wondering which was the precise direction which meant danger and possible death to him, at the muzzle of his Highness's rifle.

The Prince himself was almost equally agitated. When the uproar began, his pulses took the infection of the general excitement and dinned in his ears with the thunder of waves upon the seashore. He peered this way and that through the dense growths and listened with all his might for the footfall of the great beast he half longed and half feared to see.

"Stand ready, Arnheim, in case I miss!" he repeated a dozen times. "Have you the spare gun cocked?"

"All is ready at an instant's notice, Highness," said Arnheim absently. He was surprised and somewhat concerned not to have yet heard that redoubled and trebled uproar from the edge of the ring which would indicate an attempt of the bear to escape through the beaters.

Suddenly, to Arnheim's immeasurable disgust, and to the unspeakable excitement of His Highness, there came the unmistakable sound of approaching footsteps, and before the Baron could take any measures to prevent it a great, erect brown form rushed headlong into the open space in front of His Highness. In an instant the Prince fired. The bear, which had arrived upon its hind legs, instantly dropped upon all fours, turned, and scampered quickly back into cover, his Highness getting his left barrel in as he disappeared.

"He must be wounded, he must be wounded!" exclaimed the Prince in the extremity of excitement. "I sighted him along the barrel—he is as good as dead!"

Arnheim devoutly hoped not. "We must follow him up, Highness," he said; "stop, let me reload your rifle."

The Baron pretended that the extractor had stuck, in order to gain time; the bear, he felt, must be allowed to make his escape without the risk of more shooting; if the Prince had missed this time, he might not miss the next. So Arnheim fumbled with the rifle until his Highness waxed furious and stamped, and it became necessary to slip the cartridge in, and allow his Highness to be off in pursuit.

Away rushed Arnheim through the forest, and away sped the Prince after him, puffing and blowing, but doing wonders of speed and endurance if one considers the circumstance that his Highness was both short and utterly out of condition.

Suddenly a terrific uproar arose from the edge of the beat.

"The beaters have stopped him, Highness," panted Arnheim. "They will turn him back into the ring, perhaps we had better return to our old position, else the *Jaegers* will not know in which direction to drive the brute."

"No, no!" cried the Prince; "I think I distinguish from the nature of the cries of the beaters, that they are attacked—let us hasten onward to their assistance, remember the poor creatures are unarmed, Arnheim."

Arnheim recognised that there was nothing

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for it but to obey the Prince; he went forward cursing, in his heart, both bears and beaters; he had not anticipated so harrowing an experience when organising a bear-chase for his serene Highness.

The next moment the two men reached a spot whence the line of beaters could be seen, and an awe-inspiring spectacle revealed itself to their eyes. The bear was upon his hind legs battling with several peasants.

The savage creature, even as they gazed, contrived to seize one of his assailants, and fell with him to the ground.

Up went the Prince's rifle — Arnheim seized his arm.

"Don't shoot, Highness," he shouted. "You are as likely to kill the peasant as the bear. Get out of the way, all," he continued, very loudly and distinctly, "the Prince is about to shoot the bear!"

An awe-inspiring spectacle revealed itself to their eyes.

At the words, and exactly as if he had understood them and realised his danger, the bear suddenly abandoned his victim and rushed away, scrambling first behind a fallen tree, then ducking beneath a bramble bush, and so reaching a thicket into which he disappeared. The Prince fired twice as the brute dived in and out of the cover, but the bear ran on.

"He is wounded, Highness," cried Arnheim rushing after him and waving back one of the *Jaegers* who showed a disposition to follow him. "I claim the honour to follow and administer the *coup-de-grâce!*"

"Let the Baron go alone," said the Prince; "he is accustomed to the hunting of bears." The shouts of Arnheim died away in the distance. The Prince waited an hour, grew tired, and departed.

Arnheim had much difficulty in keeping the bear in view, for Max was, by this time, thoroughly frightened, and desired no more shots fired at him. Arnheim shouted, hoping that the bear would recognise his voice and stop.

As a matter of fact, Max heard and recognised, but so great and so many had been his alarms this day, that he preferred to take a middle course rather than stop and risk being shot at a third time. He tore himself free of his bearskin, left it lying, and ran on.

At dusk of evening Arnheim presented himself at Max's cottage, where Max himself, still somewhat intoxicated, awaited events, hoping that someone would arrive to pay him 500 marks, the earning of which had so nearly cost him his life.

"Well, fool, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the Baron angrily, entering and throwing down the bearskin. "You deserved to be shot, and it is not your fault that the bullets flew wide of you."

"I am guilty, Excellence," said Max, "the noise confused me—"

"You had been drinking, fool!"

"Perhaps a little, Excellence, to give me courage; I did not mean to run into danger, but, as I say, I was confused. At any rate my roaring and my movements were very correct, for I imitated old Kapitan who lived with me for ten years—"

"Maybe, but why in thunder did you stop to fight with the beaters, thereby risking both

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**"Well, fool, what have you to say for yourself?" said the Baron angrily.**

your life and the safety of the secret, which mattered much more!"

"Ah, Excellence," said Max, "that was an unexpected event; I saw among the beaters my rival and enemy, one who courts the girl I wish to marry, she, too, was a beater to-day, and stood with him; I could not resist!"

"Blue Heaven!" thought von Arnheim, "when one employs a man of this kind, one wheel of the apple-cart is already in the ditch!"

"Take the skin, fool," he said, "and grease it on the inside, make the thing look as though it had been taken from a freshly killed beast; do it well and you shall have your 500 marks, though you do not deserve them—quickly, now!"

Max performed the operation very well. Von Arnheim felt that if only his Highness did not inspect the skin too closely, the trophy would pass muster. He found the Prince in his cabinet, later on in the evening.

"Well, Arnheim, well?" said his Highness; "what of the bear?"

"My congratulations, Highness!" said Arnheim, "you aimed well with your first and—I think—third shots. The bear is dead."

"What, you found him?" said the prince flushing with delight.

"His skin is at this moment in your Highness's stables."

"Storm-Weather, Arnheim—you are the prince of hunters! come, we will inspect it at once!"

This was exactly what Arnheim most desired; the light in the stables was feeble; the prince examined the skin, especially the two slits Arnheim had carefully made to serve for bullet holes; his Highness was more than satisfied. "See where I shot him!" he said—"twice, mark you! Thunder and Storm Weather!" he continued, "we will have a bear hunt every week!"

"Your Highness will have to go farther for bears if you do," laughed Arnheim. "They are somewhat scarce so near home!"

"I would go a thousand miles for each!" said the delighted prince, a declaration which greatly relieved the mind of his faithful courtier.

Thus Prince Henry's bear chase ended satisfactorily all round. For while his Highness scored a fine bearskin (now beautifully set up, and adorning the Entrance Hall of his palace), and Max Gerster a gratuity of 500 marks, Von Arnheim received the bronze eagle, a decoration which he thoroughly deserved; and even Bergmann, who contributed little more than pessimistic prophecy towards the success of the affair, was not forgotten, and wears to this day the ribbon of St. Anne in memory of the happy event.

But Prince Henry has since discovered that bears are rare indeed nearer the capital than the Schwartzenveld forests, and that even in those splendid preserves the animal is coy. The Prince rarely sees one, and when he does, the bear—as Arnheim invariably remarks—"carries a lot of shot away," so that old Kapitan remains to this day his only trophy.

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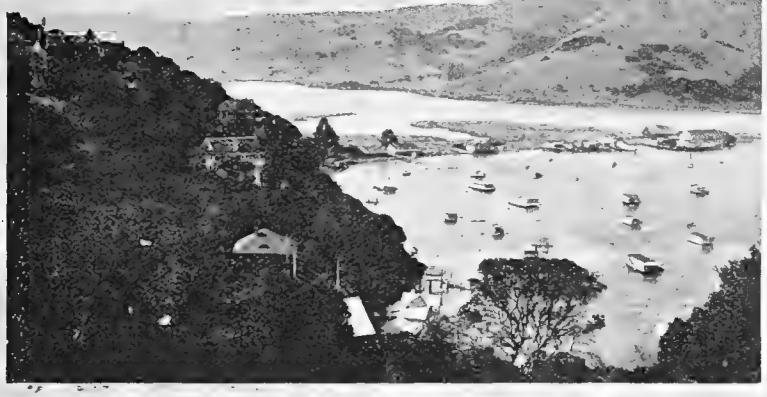
# A · Town · Of · Arks



General view of "Arktown" from the surrounding hills.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

One of the most salient characteristics of the upper reaches of the Thames during the summer season is the houseboats. Here the jaded business Londoner rests in peace, ease, and quietness, far from the madding crowd and the humdrum and bustle of city life. The sight of these tasty, symmetrical, and luxurious river residences never fails to impress the American visitor, who, in the course of his peregrinations through this country, seldom omits to explore the charms of the upper reaches of our capital river. To him the houseboat is almost entirely unknown. The Eastern American is too deeply immersed in his business to indulge in such a luxury as residing in a houseboat for several weeks during the hottest months of the year in the seclusion of some quiet river.

But if one takes a trip to San Francisco on the opposite side of the North American continent, one may see a spectacle reminiscent of the Thames. Within easy distance of the prominent Californian port is the popular seaside resort of Belvidere, but more familiarly known to the inhabitants of that part of the country as "Arktown." Its very name explains its peculiarity. The bay extends inland between two large ranges of hills, and its expanse is dotted with a number of floating dwellings.

Although the innovation is practically modern, having only sprung into existence two or three years ago, the originator of the idea is not known. Probably he was some poor mortal who, oppressed with the fœtid scorching air that pervaded his conventional home upon the mainland, conceived the idea of obtaining a little respite from the heat by living upon the water. At any rate he constructed the ark *Nautilus*, which was the nucleus of what is now a floating township.

The American is nothing if not novel. When the idea had matured in the brain of the originator he desired to erect his temporary home as economically as possible. He had no wish to emulate the ambitious creations to be found on the Thames.

During his search for possible materials with which to construct the domicile he came upon some tramcars which, having completed their lease of life upon the streets of the city, had been abandoned to be destroyed. Here was his golden opportunity. With but little alteration these cars could be converted into the most comfortable shanty possible to desire. They being practically of no value, he was able to secure possession of them at a low figure. They were dismounted from their trolleys, and taken to the waterside ready for the alterations that were to be carried out to enable the resourceful American's ideas to be fulfilled.

First of all, a flat-bottomed boat was constructed sufficiently large to carry the four cars placed in two pairs, thus forming a square. The cars were then erected upon this deck. The interior sides of the cars were removed, so that two cars produced one

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spacious apartment. This was a very simple operation, and was readily accomplished. The American tramcars are not provided with seats upon the roofs for the accommodation of passengers. The vehicles are splendidly ventilated.

The seats extending longitudinally along the outer sides of the car were allowed to remain, and by the plenteous utilisation of rich upholstery and numerous cushions were converted into inviting and comfortable lounges. The sliding doors at either end of the cars were also retained as a means of affording convenient access to the various apartments. Compact furniture was then installed and everything possible to render the dwelling cosy and comfortable requisitioned. When the furnishing was completed satisfactorily the improvised houseboat was towed out into the bay and anchored. A sufficient length of chain was paid out so that the boat could readily rise, fall, and turn with the varying motions of the tide.

The houseboat is surrounded by a narrow platform or piazza whereon the inhabitant can partake of his morning constitutional, or mid-day siesta in a comfortable armchair beneath the awning which shields him from the fierce rays of the sun. Or should he be an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, he can enjoy himself by casting his line over the side of the boat, for there is a great variety of fish in the bay. Further diversion can be obtained by paying afternoon calls to the neighbouring houseboats.

Life in one of these floating residences is an ideal existence. The tax collector has no terrors for the householder, since he is exempt from the calls of that incubus. Rates are also unknown, while even rent ceases to possess any worrying tendencies. The inmate of a boathouse has no necessity to go ashore, unless he is so inclined, since the various tradesmen go the rounds of the floating city in rowing boats in the early morning, and having received their respective orders, deliver them in the same manner with commendable celerity.

From a hygienic point of view it would be an almost impossible task to find a more suitable site for a residence. The breeze that is always blowing gives a bracing tone to the atmosphere and dispels the languor that is induced by the summer heat. When one awakes in the morning a dive through the bedroom window will land the sleeper in a pleasant, refreshing sea-water bath. Again, a row is always more enjoyable when the participants have not to walk far in order to gain the sea. A string of rowing boats is always anchored in the wake of these arks, literally within a stone's throw of the front door.

Charming though such a life is during the

The *Nautilus*, the first houseboat of Arktown. It is built of old tramcars.

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Dining-room of the *Nautilus*, a boathouse made of disused tramcars.

daytime, it is at night, when the air becomes cooler and more conducive to movement, that this colony of arks assumes its busiest and most brilliant aspect, especially upon the

Drawing-room of the *Nautilus*.

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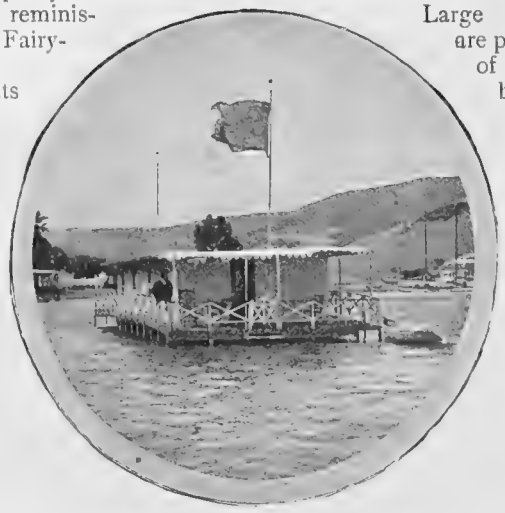
carnival nights. In the evening every houseboat is outlined with brilliant coloured lamps, and pretty festoons of lights depend from the tall flagstaffs. Viewed from the mainland the scene is pretty in the extreme, and strongly reminiscent of a glimpse of Fairyland.

The myriads of lights stretching as far as the eye can see are reflected in the waters of the bay, and the lights glimmering from the dwellings, dotting the hillsides which fringe the bay, twinkle like minute stars. The great scene is that upon the Carnival night. It is then that the arks assume their most festive appearance. "Venice by Night" is the name of the spectacle, and vast crowds travel to Belvidere from San Francisco and the surrounding villages in order to witness the unique event. The arks are illuminated with an extra supply of lamps, and the closing scene is a grand pyrotechnic display. As the houseboats are owned by the wealthiest and best connected people of San Francisco, no effort is spared to make this feature a gorgeous success. Large supplies of fireworks are purchased by the owners of the various houseboats, and in some instances rafts are specially improvised from which to discharge them.



The *Belvidere*, a typical Arktown houseboat.

No such impressive spectacle has yet been witnessed outside Belvidere, where the natural conditions of the country tend to render the carnival a great picturesque success. A similar carnival among the houseboats of the Thames would no doubt present a pretty sight, but it would sink into insignificance when compared with "Venice by Night" as represented by the inhabitants of the floating town of Arktown.

The scene at Arktown on Carnival night.

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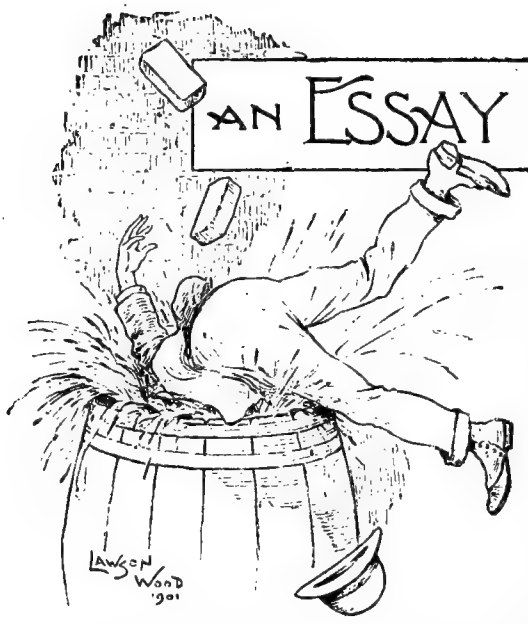


# AN ESSAY IN DETECTION.

By Harold Aker.

It was one morning last week and we—I was staying with the Chalcotts—had half finished breakfast, before Edith, the eldest of them, appeared. She looked vexed, and, after peering at her father's face, exclaimed:

"I've lost my bracelet—the one with the turquoises!"

"Oh, Edith!" said the family.

"Careless creatures women are," exclaimed Mr. Chalcott. "Why can't you remember where you put your things?"

"But I do remember where I put it," insisted Edith. "I remember the exact spot on the dressing-table. Some one has stolen it."

"Think so?" said her father. "Now then, Arliss, here's your chance. You're a barrister, aren't you?"

Mr. Chalcott has some sort of idea that a barrister is a kind of private detective.

"These cases are as a rule extremely simple," I remarked. "In the first place, when did you last see it?"

"Last night," said Edith. "I was up rather early this morning and went into Mary's room. I was there some time and when I went back for the bracelet, it wasn't there."

"Had anyone been into the room in the meanwhile?" I asked.

"Two of the maids—Susan and Hannah," she answered.

"Either of them alone?"

"Hannah was there by herself, when I went back. Susan was dusting the passage."

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"But I asked them both and they said they hadn't seen anything of the bracelet."

"Naturally," I said. "Can I have a word with Hannah?"

"All right, but, please don't worry her," she replied. "She is such a good little thing. I would not have her think that I suspected her for worlds."

"But before we come to that," I said, "I think we will take a stroll in the garden."

"Why?" she said, "it's rather wet."

"You will see," I answered with a smile, "your room, I think, is on the first floor at the corner nearest the kitchen-garden?"

"Yes," she answered, and we got hats and went out.

In silence we reached the corner of the house. Up to the wall there was a broad bed with newly-planted geraniums and lobelias—an eye-racking combination, then a belt of grass, then a freshly-gravelled path, which was this morning something like a quagmire.

I was willing that she should share my train of thought, and so explained to her how favourable was the state of the ground for the investigations I intended to make.

"For instance," I said, "the holes made by the ends of a ladder would be clearly visible on the path or the grass, and they would be very deep in the bed. There are no such holes."

"But suppose they put a board underneath the ladder?" suggested Edith.

I had not got to that yet.

"If they had," I said, "we should see the mark of the board. It would leave a square depression. Besides, it's most unlikely that they brought a board with them."

"Oh, there are footmarks!" exclaimed Edith. Of course they had been visible all

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along, but the dear girl would not wait for the evolution of my ideas.

"Yes, yes," I said, "their value will appear when I have examined them."

Although the path was unpleasantly muddy and the grass extremely wet, I knelt down and carefully examined the footmarks. After some time I rose and said:

"The man who has your bracelet is a tall man with bandy legs. He wears dark blue trousers with a narrow white stripe and muddy at the foot, and had a pink carnation buttonhole. He is probably a carpenter by trade, and I think he is young and handsome."

"However did you know?" said Edith, with surprise on every feature.

Her reverent admiration assuaged somewhat the annoyance I naturally felt at seeing Freddie—a junior member of the family—giving a ridiculous imitation of my investigations at the end of the lawn, to the amusement of the rest.

"The footprints are large, deep, and far apart, and they are deeper on the outside of the foot than on the inner," I explained. "He has been on the bed, and has not scraped his feet afterwards, therefore his trousers are muddy. This piece of cloth is of a sort never made into coats, and must have been torn from his trousers." I showed her a strip I had found beneath a geranium.

"It is torn very clean," she remarked. "How did he do it?" Her faith in my powers amused me.

"That I do not know," I confessed with a smile. "This carnation, though trodden on, is fresh. There are no carnations in the bed. Unless you threw it from your window——"

"No, I didn't," she said; "there are none in my room."

"He must have brought it. This new nail gives us a hint as to his employment."

"It is like the nails on the wall," she remarked. "Why do you think he is young and handsome?"

"There I am going to leave you!" I said. "You will see that later."

"And how did he get into the room?" she asked. "There is nothing to climb up by, and the ladders are ever so far away in the kitchen garden, and the gate is always locked until the men are about."

"He did not get in—" I said.

For a moment the swiftness of my deduction silenced her, then she exclaimed:

"Oh, you mean that someone inside took it. Bother the bracelet! I can't bear to suspect anybody. Don't let us trouble about it any more. Look! What *is* Freddie doing? Let's go over and play with them."

She ran off, but something of the sleuth-hound had been awakened within me, and, having got so far, I must confess to a certain mental pleasure and excitement in the idea of piecing my problem together. I strolled into the house, and after going through most of the rooms came upon the girl called Hannah dusting the legs of the billiard table.

She was a ruddy-cheeked girl with black eyes and hair and she fitted admirably into my theory from all appearances. To see if those appearances were justified needed a certain amount of circumlocution in my inquiries.

"It is a nice spring morning," I said genially.

"Yes, sir—" was her respectful answer.

"What did the poet say about spring?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"'In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' Do you think that the poet aptly describes the influence of the season?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir," she repeated.

"Now, I should have thought you did," I remarked.

She flipped a leg of the billiard-table with a duster, and retreated to the other end of the room. It was evident that my question had caused her some confusion. I felt that I must press it home.

"Do you admit the soft impeachment?" I asked.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she said, getting very red. I leaned over the billiard-table.

"What is his name?" I asked—"Charles? George?"

"I think I hear the bell, sir," she said, picking up the dustpan and showing every sign of consternation. I gently restrained her by holding the other end of the dustpan.

"Did you see the cows on the lawn this morning?" I asked. It was a bold stroke, for there had been no cows on the lawn that morning, but it told.

She gave me a frightened look and said—

"No, sir."

"Not out of Miss Edith's window?"

"No, sir."

"Was it open?"

"I don't know, sir. When, sir?'

"When you were in the room alone before breakfast this morning."

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The shot went home.

Suddenly she let go of her end of the dustpan and rushed from the room sobbing into her duster.

So my theory was beginning to be justified. She had a lover and the question as to the open window had aroused every outward and visible sign of guilt. I felt sorry for her, as she was such a nice-looking girl, but justice before all. Besides I reflected that I would use my influence on her behalf, when things came to a crisis. And now for the lover!

**Suddenly she let go of her end of the dustpan and rushed from the room sobbing into her duster.**

Realising that I still had possession of the dustpan, I placed it upon the billiard-table and sauntered out into the garden. I had not gone far before chance came in as an assistant to my mental acumen. On the sopping gravel path were clearly visible footprints exactly similar to those I had investigated by Edith's window. My powers of observation, which are I may say of rather more than ordinary development, could not be deceived. I traced them along until they suddenly ended in the feet of the Chalcott's head gardener, a man called Anderson, who was standing tying up a rose-tree. By his side was a basket containing a hammer, some odd leaves, and a carnation exactly similar to the one I had found by the window.

He is a rugged, sturdy, black-bearded man of forty odd—not quite the lover I had pictured, but nothing surprises me in women! He had changed his trousers, but the rest of the evidence was almost conclusive. A few questions would make it entirely so.

I thought it best to tackle him first on his own subject, gain his confidence and so lead him whither I would. Therefore I opened a conversation on flowers and spoke, with a side glance at the geraniums and lobelias, of colour combinations which might be made and how rude Nature might be bridled by Art.

He did not appear to take much interest in his occupation. All he did was to gruffly remark that the flowers I suggested did not bloom at the same time of year.

I led him on to the lawn—conversationally I mean of course. He said that with another man and a boy he might make the place look ship-shape (why ship-shape?). I have never heard a gardener say otherwise.

From the lawn I proceeded to the path, and falling into his humour remarked:

"This gravel must take a good deal of rolling, my man."

He seemed to resent the friendly tone in which I said 'My man' as I gathered from a muttered reference to that form of address.

"It is so full of stones," I said.

He preserved a sullen demeanour and made no reply.

"Some people believe," I said, "that stones

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not only work up through the ground, but actually grow in the process."

He observed that some people were fools enough to believe anything.

"Now, if those stones were diamonds—" I suggested.

"There wouldn't be many diggin' for 'taters," he opined.

"Or turquoises," I added significantly.

I must confess that I was not quite prepared for such a sudden confirmation of my question. He turned sharply round with a face alight with indignation, and really I thought he was about to offer me personal violence.

"What d'you mean by it?" he shouted. "What d'you mean by coming here with yer insinuating and yer 'my man'ing?' I'll have you to know——"

I did not hear the rest, though his anger sustained him in a lengthy outburst. If the fellow thought to browbeat me into any weakness with his violence he had mistaken his man. I swiftly evaded him, and, entering the house, watched him at last retreat in dudgeon in the direction of the glass-houses.

One thing was certain. The man's movements had to be watched and followed. He was evidently of violent temper, and physically he was a coarse, muscular creature; but putting aside my personal fears, I went out to do my duty.

Leaving the house I stole along taking all the cover that bay windows and other projections offered. Then sheltered by a thick-set hedge I saw the man enter the second grape-house.

Immediately it struck me that by skirting the kitchen garden and looking over the wall which formed the back of the glass-houses I should be able to see what he was doing from above and so I ran round at once to put my plan into execution.

The wall was about ten feet high but the absence of a brick from one of the buttresses enabled me to stand upon the rim of a water-butt, which took the water from the roofs of the houses, and by clinging to the top of the wall and straining over, I obtained a view of the interior.

The first thing I saw was that the man, whose back was turned towards me, was putting something into his pocket, but before I could perceive what it was my attention was attracted by the sight of the girl Hannah, who ran into the garden crying and betraying every sign of confusion.

Happily she did not see me and advanced without suspicion to the house in which Anderson was. Having entered she stood with her apron to her eyes as though unable to say what she had intended, and the man putting his arm round her kissed her.

It was not surprise at the correctness of my deductions but the desire to hear as much as possible of the conversation which induced me to lean further forward. As I did so my foot missed the rim of the water-butt and I perceived for the first time that the brickwork at the top of the wall was in a bad state of repair. In the effort to regain the top of the water-butt I gave a fatal pull. Two bricks came away in my hands and another dropped through the glass-house roof. I swayed and fell, seriously hurting myself as I did so, into the water-butt. The water was in a condition dangerous to human health. It is impossible to imagine anything more offensive to smell or more disagreeable—I speak from a loathsome experience—to taste.

With a Herculean effort I wrenched myself from the slimy horrors of the water-butt and, remembering that the man Anderson must have been aroused—if not hit—by the falling brick, I made a dash for the house. Unfortunately, in my hurry, I forgot that at the corner of the kitchen-garden at the back of the gardener's cottage, a dog—a savage creature which it should be made impermissible to keep—was kenneled; and I passed too near the kennel. The brute just caught me by the trouser leg. I believe to this day that I owe my life to the insecurity with which that trouser leg was sewn together.

The condition of my mind as I made my way to my room, torn, wet, bruised and coated with an offensive green slime, will have to be imagined—I cannot describe it. I need hardly say that the fact that Freddie was at one of the windows, and had called several to behold before I slipped in at the door did not tend to improve matters. I cursed the logical faculty and the powers of observation which had been the means of putting me into this filthy mess and spoiling a most successful suit of clothes. Next time, I bitterly resolved, they should find their burglars for themselves. There was a sound of scuffling and of laughter in the hall. I was almost glad that I had spoilt the wall paper on the staircase and that the carpet was sloppy with malodorous drippings.

There was a silence as I came in to luncheon, and then Mr. Chalcott, who appeared to be angry about something, said to them, but at me—I felt it—

"Anderson has given me notice."

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I sat down and said quietly:

"Ah, I thought he would."

Mr. Chalcott checked what I saw would have been a hasty exclamation and remarked in substitution.

"I shall never get another like him."

"That is just as well," I said.

"Just as well—Why?" he growled. His manner was most disagreeable.

"Because he's got the turquoise bracelet."

I expected a general exclamation of surprise, and it came: but I did not expect that Mr. Chalcott would burst out brusquely:

"Nonsense!"

I merely raised my eyebrows to protest.

"But," said Edith with a puzzled expression breaking in—"I thought that the man who had the bracelet was young and handsome and tall, and a carpenter with blue trousers and a pink carnation buttonhole."

"Anderson's not young."

"Nor handsome."

"Nor tall."

"Nor a carpenter."

"I've never seen his blue trousers."

"I'm sure he never wore a buttonhole," came consecutively from the various members of the family.

I explained that these were superficial differences and showed them how I had identified my man.

"But how did he do it?" someone asked.

"He had a sweetheart in the house—" I said, and paused before telling them how I had found her.

At this moment Mrs. Chalcott came into the room, visibly annoyed.

"It's very vexing," she exclaimed; "Hannah says she wants to leave to-day. It's because—Oh!"

She stopped as she saw me, and looked uncomfortable. I could not help smiling.

"I daresay she wants to leave," I said.

Mr. Chalcott again obviously repressed a hasty remark.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because she's the sweetheart. I saw him kiss her," I said.

"Why, he's her father," shouted Mr. Chalcott.

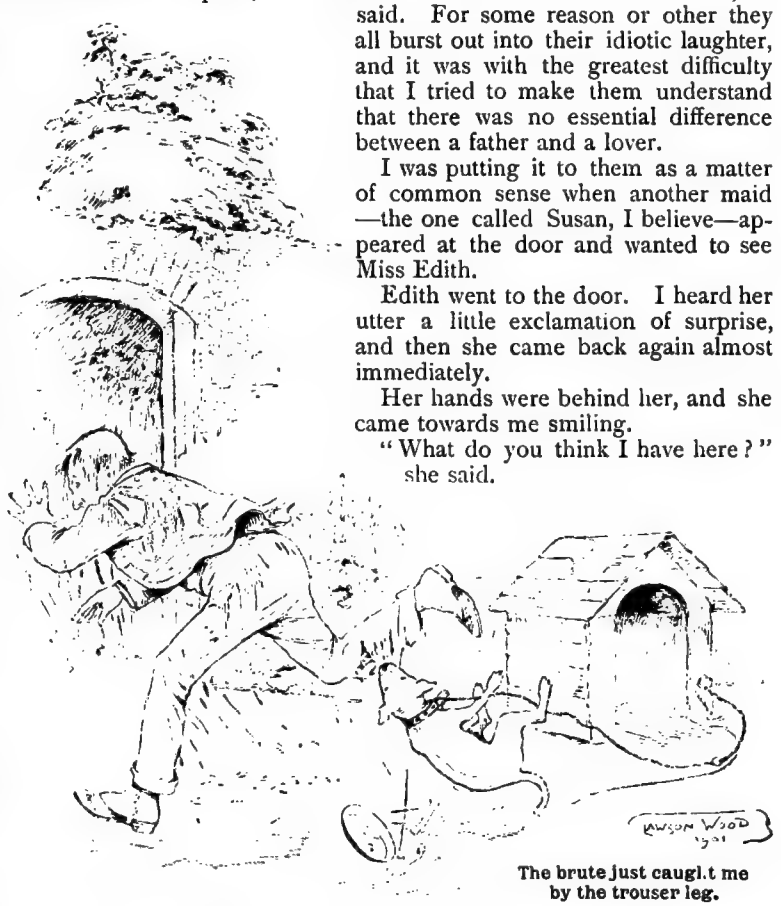
"Then that makes it all the worse," I said. For some reason or other they all burst out into their idiotic laughter, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I tried to make them understand that there was no essential difference between a father and a lover.

I was putting it to them as a matter of common sense when another maid—the one called Susan, I believe—appeared at the door and wanted to see Miss Edith.

Edith went to the door. I heard her utter a little exclamation of surprise, and then she came back again almost immediately.

Her hands were behind her, and she came towards me smiling.

"What do you think I have here?" she said.




**The brute just caught me by the trouser leg.**

"I don't know," I answered. "Oh, perhaps it's my sleeve-link. I believe I dropped it in the kitchen garden."

"No, it isn't," she said. "Guess again."

I couldn't.

"Well, then, it's my bracelet," she said holding it up with an air of triumph. "Susan found it in one of the curtains by my dressing-table—they are that flouncy sort, you know. It was never lost at all!"

A loud guffaw burst forth. The ridiculous tale was actually believed!

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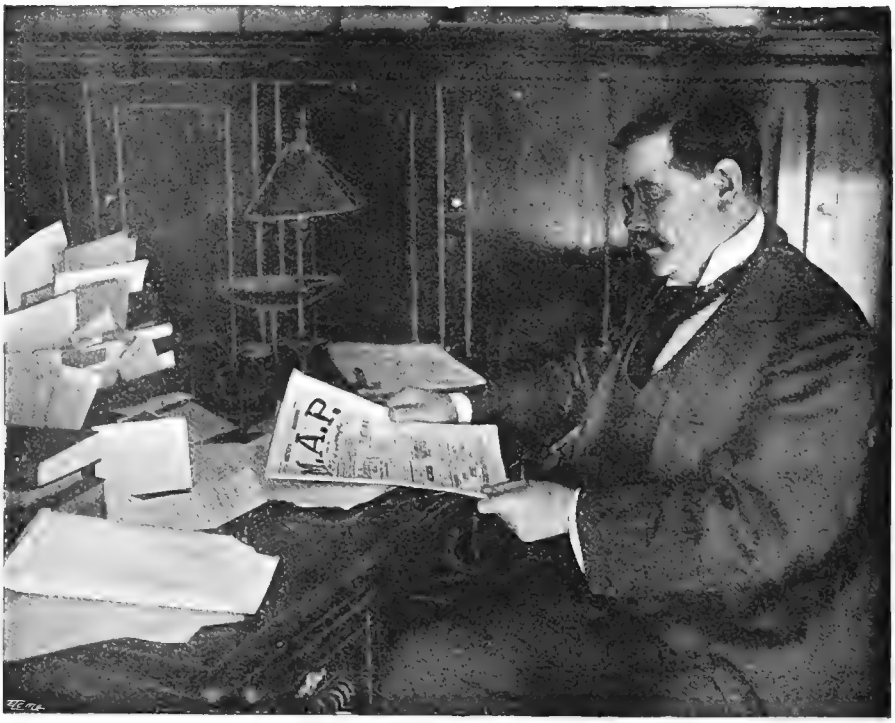


Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his office.

# HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST.

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

If you ask the most successful of barristers how you should become a barrister, he will tell you that it would be wiser for you to become a grocer's assistant; if you ask a West-end doctor, who is driving his coach-and-four and earning an income that might make a prince envious, whether your son should become a physician, he will shout out to you that of all trades in the world, the medical is the vilest; and when the father of Millais brought him as a boy to Sir M. Shee, who had so far succeeded in his art as to be President of the Royal Academy, and asked whether the young boy ought to adopt painting as a profession, the President replied by remarking that it would be much wiser for him to become a crossing-sweeper.

My young reader, who thinks of becoming a journalist, must not, therefore, be surprised if I begin by warning him against becoming a journalist at all. I regard it as a very precarious profession even when success has come; and as perhaps worse paid than any other profession. Indeed, when I read of the sums paid to music-hall artistes and to minor *prima donnas*, I often wish that the salaries of editors bore any comparison.

However, it is not my business here to give advice on the question of whether the young man should become a journalist or not. I start from the point when he has irrevocably made that choice, and I am asked what steps he should take to carry out his intention.

My first words are that unless a young man has a very distinct talent for writing, it is not wise for him finally to make up his mind to join the literary side of a newspaper. I believe that to-day it is much easier to obtain a good editor than a good manager of a newspaper. The business side of newspapers is becoming every day more important, for newspapers are daily becoming larger properties, with larger incomes, larger interests, and larger numbers financially interested in them.

If a young fellow has a talent for figures, understands machinery quickly, and

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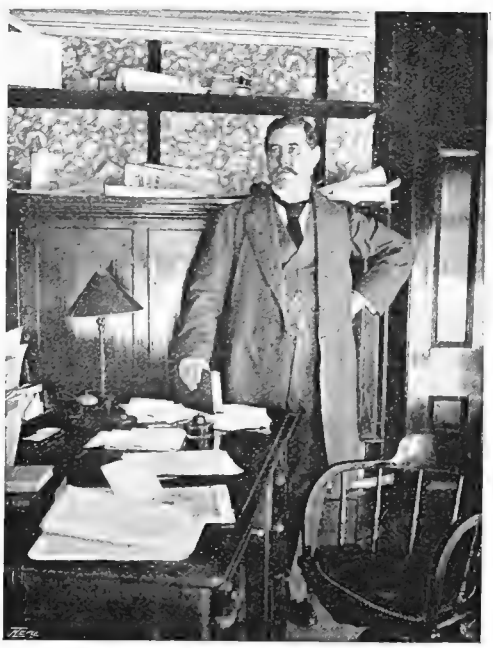
has a naturally economical turn of mind, I think he might do worse than thoroughly master the business side of a newspaper. He ought to take lessons in book-keeping, to learn arithmetic thoroughly, and then he should take in detail the other departments of a newspaper office.

In these days a large number of newspapers are set up by the Linotype, and as time goes on the number of papers printed by that or some other type-setting machine is bound to increase. That is all to the advantage of the youth who is learning the business side of the paper. Hand-setting after the old fashion would take years to learn; but I believe a quick and diligent pupil could learn all about setting by the Linotype in a few months.

It would be an advantage to the young manager to know all about type-setting. The type-setting bill is one of the largest bills of a newspaper office, and a bill, moreover, which is capable of a great deal either of expansion or contraction. And though there are business managers who are able to deal with such bills without any practical experience of their own, it is always much better when the bill is supervised by someone who has gone through the mill himself.



This is the desk at which Mr. O'Connor does most of his journalistic work.

I need not go into any further hints with regard to the training of the business manager. I will conclude that portion of my remarks by saying that if a young man has a father with money, and if he has thoroughly mastered the business, he could find no better investment for his money than a going newspaper that has several years of successful working behind it.

I turn to the training of the young aspirant for the literary side of a paper. First, I repeat the warning I have already given; it is not wise for any man to take up journalism unless he has a distinct gift for writing. Let me, however, immediately add that it is not easy always for the young man to answer that question satisfactorily in his own case. He may err on the side of want of modesty; but he also may err on the side of excess of it.

It is difficult for most of us to know what powers we have or what we lack, until we have been tried—until the opportunity has come to us. There is one way of testing your powers of writing that is a snare. Young writers constantly come to me with what they call essays. I never look at them; life is too short now for essays. When you have become a literary man of repute, and can write like Matthew Arnold or Mr. Birrell, you can do something with essays; but until that moment arrives, it is difficult for you to get anybody to look at your essays.

Take an incident within your own knowledge—a departure of volunteers, say, for the war; a trial at the Assize town in which you live, if you live in one—or something of that kind; try to seize the human and dramatic points of the story; and then let your article be read by some competent critic; and so you will get something like a judgment worth attending to as to whether you have or have not the gift of writing. I use the word gift advisedly.

The longer I live, the more I see that though you may enormously improve natural gifts by training and practice, you cannot supply them if they be wanting. At schools they still compel unfortunate children, who have not a note of music in their brains, to spend years at the piano. It is just as wicked a waste of time to send to journalism anybody who has no original gift for writing from the hand of Nature. For journalism is one of the professions where one ought to be really good. Mere moderate ability does not bring sufficient remuneration or sufficient certainty of work to make journalism a good profession.



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The office of the *Morning Post*—London's oldest newspaper.

It is like painting: either a man is a good painter and then makes a handsome income, or he is just a middling painter, and then he is liable to starve.

As to the kind of education for a journalist, I think he will spend his time most profitably in the study of history, of continental languages, and of the masters of style in his own tongue. I regard time spent by anybody who does not intend to be a professional scholar, over Latin and Greek, as sheer waste. It does not do a young man any harm to go through a University; but I cannot say that I think it does him so very much good: though, after all, there is no University for one who has to make his living, so good as the University of Life.

But, on the other hand, unless a young man devote some years of his life to learning, it is possible that he will never get the habit of reading at all, and without good reading it is difficult for a man to rise to good writing.

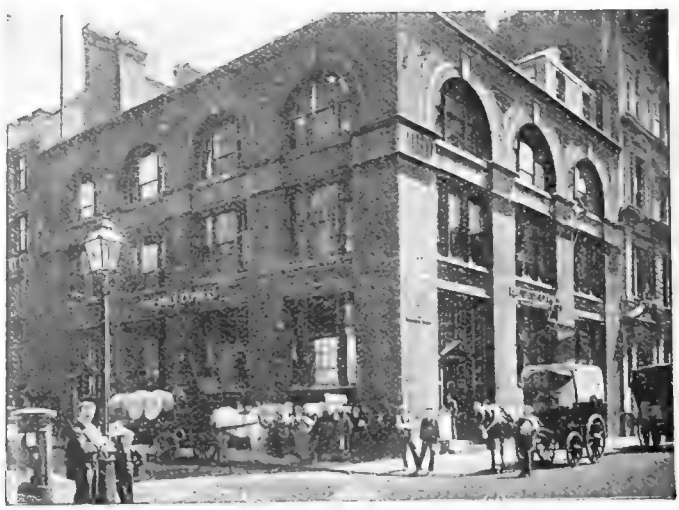
The two most read, and, in the true sense, most scholarly men I ever met in my life, are Justin McCarthy and the late George Augustus Sala, and neither the one nor the other ever went to a University. The one began earning his living when he was fourteen as a reporter; the other started even at an earlier age, for, I think, he was a call-boy or a scene painter at a theatre as a start in life.

And when you put these men by the side of a University man, and even a University man of a high degree, you saw how ignorant was the University man and how learned the two who had never heard a University lecture.

But then these are two exceptional men, and, whatever had been their lives, would have been great readers. But to most men reading—especially with the serious purpose of acquiring knowledge—is an art to be taught, and taught under the compulsion of competition and a master, and all the rest of the machinery of a scholastic establishment.

I attach, as will be seen, great importance to reading as a training for the journalist. When I omit Latin and Greek from the journalist's curriculum it is not that I do not think that the study of great literary models will not be most useful; but there are literary models in our own tongue, and if a student is to read them all, he will find that several years will not be too many for the work.

For journalists I especially recommend Macaulay, J. R. Green, De Quincey, Newman, Kipling. This is, of course, not an exhaustive list, but these are the kind of



The office of *The Daily Express*—London's newest newspaper.

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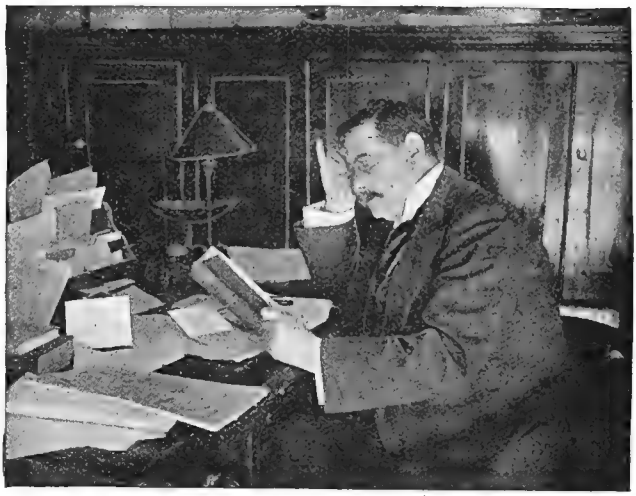
authors a journalist ought to study. In French a course of Balzac is very useful. Balzac is wonderful in his power of grouping facts and indicating a character, and that is part of the work of the journalist.

Should a journalist learn shorthand or not? When I was beginning there was but one answer to such a question. It was next to impossible for most young fellows to enter a newspaper office except through the reporter's room; and if he didn't learn shorthand, then he couldn't become a journalist. But things have changed greatly in the last thirty years. Work—especially in London—is more specialised than it used to be.

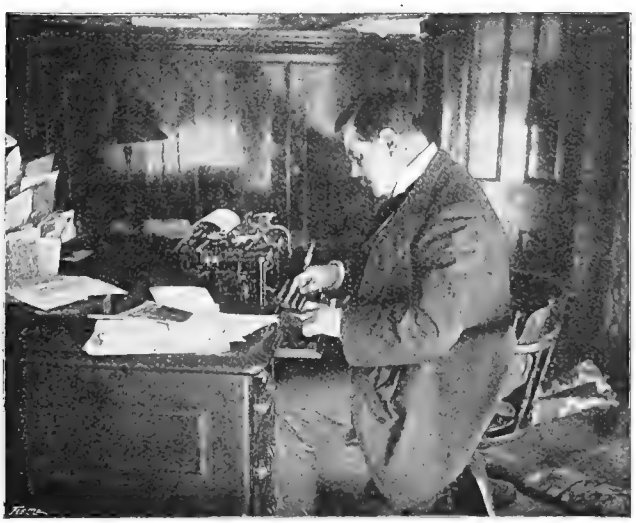


Mr. T. P. O'Connor reviewing a "Book of the Week."
(1) Reading the book.

If I had my life as a journalist to live over again, and if I could have got into a newspaper office as a writer even of the smallest paragraphs, I doubt if I would have bothered myself with shorthand. To be a good shorthand writer is a work of many years. The best shorthand writers I know—the only real shorthand writers, indeed, according to my estimate—are the gentlemen employed in Gurney's firm of shorthand writers; but then, they are almost miracles.

You see a man writing down every word in examination and cross-examination in a committee, and then you see the note-book taken away, and these notes are subsequently written out into long-hand by some others who have not been present in the committee at all. I have known a great many reporters in my time, but I never knew a reporter who could accomplish a feat like that with the copy of another reporter.

But then, the Gurney shorthand reporter has to spend seven years in learning his business, and seven years is a long time to spend in learning shorthand. But there is no harm in knowing shorthand; it often comes in very handy. When I have been in America I have found the absence of a knowledge of shorthand among the newspaper reporters there a great drawback, for it compelled me to spend hours with them in case I had any statement, even a brief one, to give out. In the lobby of the House of Commons I could do the same thing in some five minutes, because every Press representative there knows shorthand; and can take down what I say in a few minutes. I believe a fairly good knowledge of shorthand—not sufficient to take down a speech, but sufficient to take a note—could be acquired with hard work in six months; and if the student can spare the six months, why then he had better learn shorthand. But again I say, if a man has a distinct gift for writing and can get a chance, he may find that he can do without shorthand;



(2) Typing out the review.

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and, if so, he is foolish to waste time over it.

In these days, a writer—or a man with a gift for writing—can in the end obtain work. It may take time; it probably will take time; and opportunity may not come—and when it does come, may again recede. But, taken as a general principle, a man who can write well can get work. But he must have plenty of patience and tremendous tenacity.

Newspaper editors are not too willing to read manuscripts. To them it represents drudgery in its most unwelcome form. But on the other hand, there is a great desire to get hold of good writing and good writers; and an editor is not worth his place if he does not try to get hold of any writer of promise who sends a manuscript.

The advice I have to give to the aspiring writer is that he should try and try and try again. Some of the best books in the world were rejected a dozen times before they were finally accepted. The writer should learn type-writing, and should always send in his copy type-written — it increases tenfold its chance of being read, and he should also always keep at least one copy, for a newspaper office is a maelstrom that devours manuscripts.

(3) Correcting the proofs of the review.

I have only dealt with the journalist who wants to get to be editor or leader-writer. But, as everybody knows, there is another and a wider class of newspaper employes. Next to the business manager, the news editor is rapidly becoming one of the most important and sought after journalists; and a man may be an excellent news editor and not in the least a good writer. The best news editor I ever met couldn't write a paragraph.

If you have a keen interest in human nature, if your instinct teaches you what people like to hear about, then you ought to aspire to the position of news editor or a descriptive writer. In case your ambition take that shape you ought undoubtedly to learn shorthand, for the reporters' room is the very best place to begin with, and you can't get into the reporters' room without a knowledge of shorthand. And better than a high school, and better than a University for your training, for the future news editor, is a newspaper office. Never mind what kind of an office it is—let it be a weakly little thing that appears in a village; get into that office if you can.

Actors laugh at a school of acting; yet on the boards they tell you, be it on the smallest provincial theatre or even in a travelling booth, you will learn more in that way than in all the schools in the world.

And similarly the real University for the journalist who does not aspire to be a great writer and wants simply to bring out a good newspaper, is a newspaper office.

The world, I think, is inclined to attach too much importance to practical training. Go to any editor and if you are able to tell him that you have been six months in a newspaper office, he will be ready to give you a much heartier reception than if you are a man of genius who has never smelt the ink of the printing machine.

And, finally, I would say to the young journalist that he ought to cultivate athletics, for his work is often sedentary, and it requires great resolution to take up constant exercise. Trained, however, to athletic exercise in youth, the middle aged man will be glad to find some excuse for that life in the open air which is the best preservative of health.

And let me whisper this word finally in your ear. It won't do you the least harm if you are a teetotaller. You may lose something but you gain tenfold. I believe in half a century from now no man will rise to the height of any profession in the field, in the forum, or at the desk, who is not a teetotaller. And I could tell tales of journalists—but that is not my business now.

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# A PEEP INTO THE DESK OF A YOUNG LADY

## Early 20th Century

(1)

The Elms
April 1st.

Dear Miss Dickson -
I know you'll think it cheek of me writing to you, but Briggs Minor, (that's my chum, says he'd do it, if he were me. You see I've seen you often in your garden as I've passed that I feel I almost know you. Have you seen me? I hear you have a fine collection of these cards, so I send you ours to add to them, and I hope you don't mind and please write me an answer soon.

Jack Trevelyan.

Ps I enclose thus in an envelope and should you deign to answer please drop your card into the hollow tree at the Vicarage gate it will be quite safe, and I will put mine there also in future J T.

(2)

The Cedars.
April 9th

Dear Mr Trevelyan
I do think it very impertinent of you to write to me, and as to your nearly knowing me, indeed you do not, and I have not seen you go past. Briggs Minor, whoever he is is very rude, and you must not write to me any more, for I shall not answer you. And who told you I had a fine collection of cards?

Daisy Montgomery Dickson

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3
The Elms
April 11th
Dear Miss Dickson
Thankyou for writing to me, you see I am disobeying you and am writing again I found your card quite safe Never mind who told me about the collection.
Will you meet me at the Brooklyn stile tomorrow afternoon, half past four. I'll bring Bruggs Minor, he says he know yours cousins, so almost knows you and he'll introduce us, so be sure you come yours faithfully
Jack Trevelyan.
4
The Cedars
April 11th
Dear Mr Trevelyan
Indeed I shall not come and meet you this afternoon, why I've never even seen you so how could I? and Bruggs Minor does not tell the truth because I've no cousins except in South Africa, and he cant possibly know them
Daisy M. Dickson
5
The Elms
April 12th
Dear Miss Dickson
Do come I know it's rather trying meeting a man I've never actually seen, I'll wear a red ribbon in my coat when I pass this afternoon then you'll know which I am If you come I'll tell you how I came to know about the collection and who told me about it it was so funny it will amuse you. yours sincerely
Jack Trevelyan
P.S. I shall wait all night for you
6
The Cedars
April 12th
I'll come.
Daisy Montgomery Dickson

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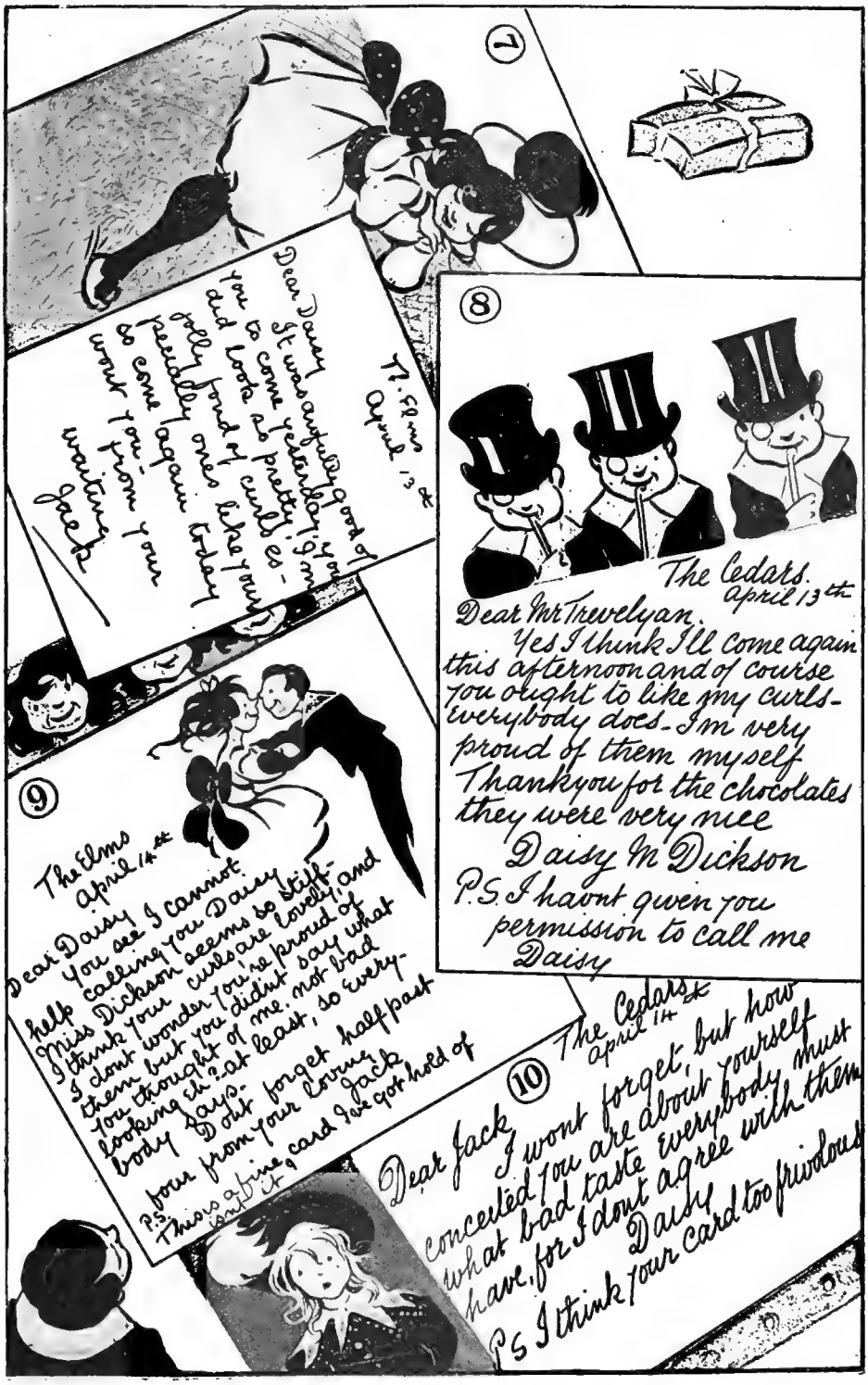
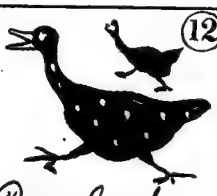

7
Dear Daisy
It was awfully good of you to come yesterday I'm glad you did look so pretty I'm awfully fond of curls es- pecially ones like yours so come again today your own from your waiting Jack
T. Elms April 13th
8
The Cedars. April 13th
Dear Mr Trevelyan.
Yes I think I'll come again this afternoon and of course you ought to like my curls- everybody does- I'm very proud of them myself Thankyou for the chocolates they were very nice
Daisy M Dickson
P.S. I havnt given you permission to call me Daisy
9
The Elms April 14th
Dear Daisy I cannot help calling you Daisy You see I cannot calling you Miss Dickson seems so stiff- I think your curls are lovely and I dont wonder you're proud of them but you didnt say what you thought of me. not bad looking eh? at least, so every- body says. Dont forget half past four from your loving Jack
P.S. Thanks awfully good of it, card got hold of
10
The Cedars April 14th
Dear Jack
I wont forget, but how conceited you are about yourself what bad taste everybody must have, for I dont agree with them
Daisy
P.S. I think your card too frivolous

(11)

The Elms
April 15th

Darling
I'm so sorry I kept you waiting but honour bright, I was kept in, you might have waited a minute or two longer.
Be sure you come today, and I'll tell you why it was, and forgive
your ever loving, penitent
Jack

P.S. I don't think this is a very frivolous card do you? Briggs Minor got it for me.



(12)

The Cedars
April 15th

Dear Jack
well I may come this afternoon, I don't know you see I've never been kept waiting before. I think you might have wired or something yours
perhaps
Daisy

P.S. I didn't care much for your card

(13)

The Elms
April 16th

Dear Daisy
Do not come today I believe we are watched – somebody has split, I don't think it can be Briggs and he's the only one that knows. Old Crump, that's my form master, said to me today, now Trevelyan you go straight home, now mind straight home, that looked queer didn't it? What could he mean? You don't mind do you dear? I'll find another meeting place and let you know
your loving
Jack

P.S. If Briggs has split, I'll chop him into little bits

(14)

The Elms
April 17th.

Dear Daisy
It's only a false alarm after all I think, nothing more has been said but I'm changing the meeting place, to make quite sure Come down to the brook that runs past old Brown's fence, it's shady there, so no one can possibly see us
Be sure you come, yours through everything
Jack

P.S. Your last card was fine, old girl

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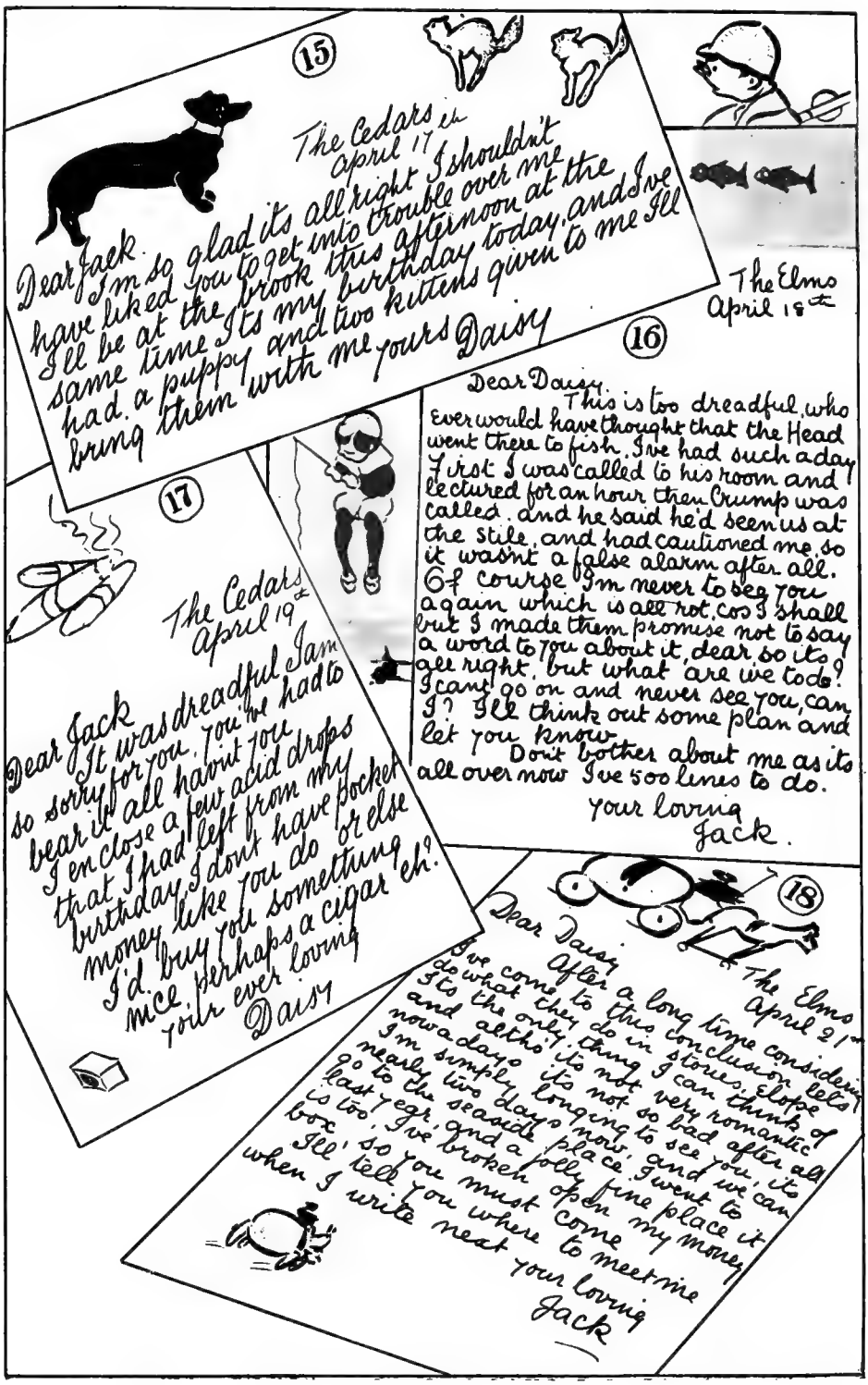
15
The Cedars
April 17th
Dear Jack
I'm so glad its all right I shouldn't have liked you to get into trouble over me I'll be at the brook this afternoon at the same time. It's my birthday today and I've had a puppy and two kittens given to me I'll bring them with me yours Daisy
The Elms
April 18th
16
Dear Daisy
This is too dreadful, who ever would have thought that the Head went there to fish. I've had such a day first I was called to his room and lectured for an hour then Crump was called and he said he'd seen us at the stile and had cautioned me so it wasn't a false alarm after all. Of course I'm never to see you again which is all rot, coz I shall but I made them promise not to say a word to you about it, dear so its all right, but what are we to do? I can't go on and never see you, can I? I'll think out some plan and let you know.
Don't bother about me as its all over now I've 500 lines to do.
Your loving
Jack.
17
The Cedars
April 19th
Dear Jack
It was dreadful Jam so sorry for you. You've had to bear it all about you. I enclose a few acid drops that I had left from my birthday I don't have pocket money like you do or else I'd buy you something nice perhaps a cigar eh!
Your ever loving
Daisy
18
The Elms
April 21st
Dear Daisy
After a long time considering I've come to this conclusion (tells) we do what they do in stories, elope it's the only thing I can think of and altho' its not very romantic now a days its not so bad after all I'm simply living to see you, its nearly two days now, and we can go to the seaside place, I went to last year, and a jolly fine place it is too, I've broken open my money box, so you must come on my money I'll tell you where to meet me when I write next your loving
Jack

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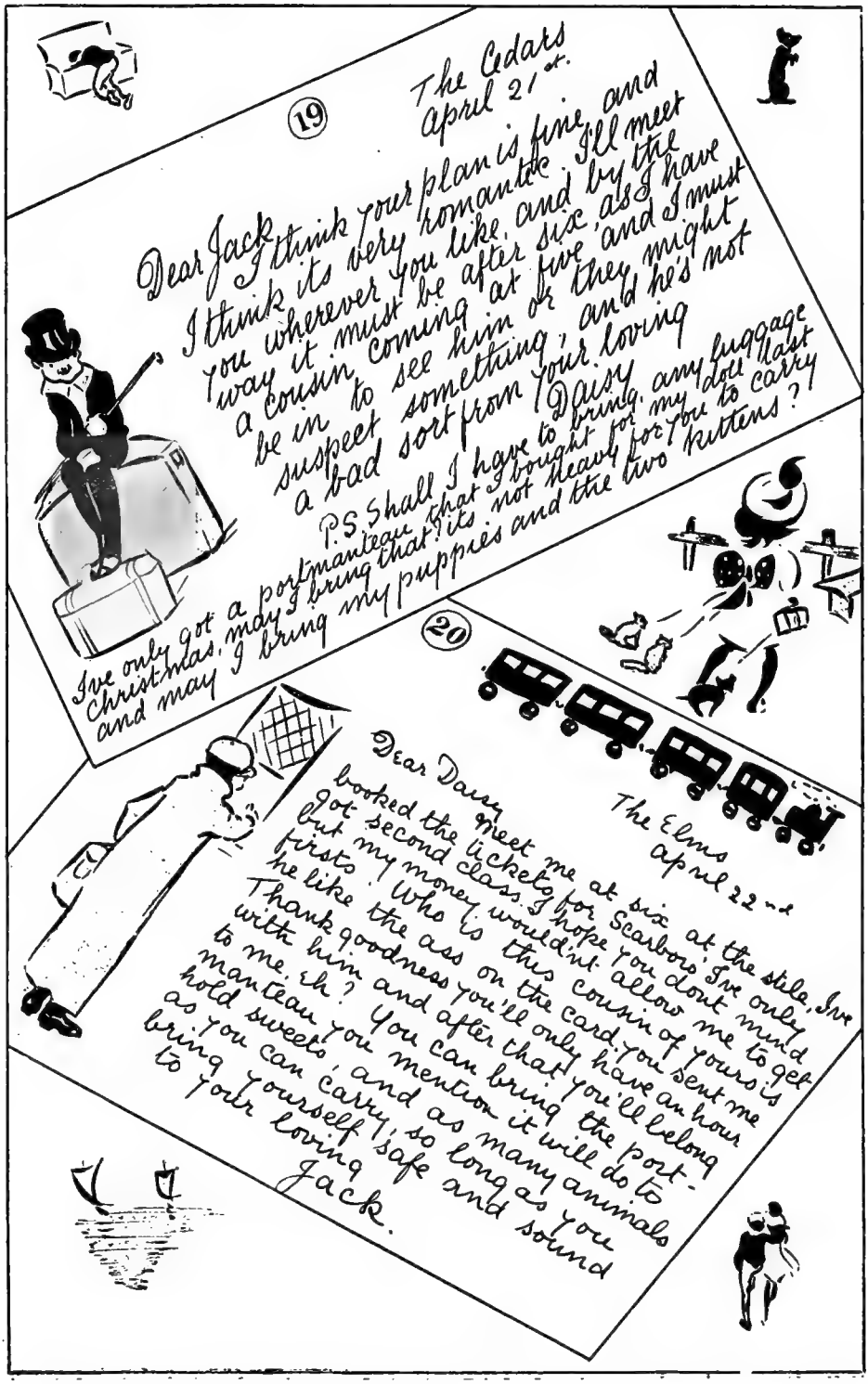
19
The Cedars
April 21st.
Dear Jack I think your plan is fine and I think its very romantic. I'll meet you wherever you like, and by the way it must be after six, as I have a cousin coming at five and I must be in to see him or they might suspect something, and he's not a bad sort from your loving Daisy.
P.S. Shall I have to bring any luggage and may I bring my puppies and the two kittens?
I've only got a portmanteau that I bought for my doll last Christmas.
20
The Elms
April 22nd
Dear Daisy, Meet me at six at the stile. I've booked the tickets for Scarboro'. I've only got second class. I hope you don't mind but my money wouldn't allow me to get firsts. Who is this cousin of yours is he like the ass on the card you sent me Thank goodness you'll only have an hour with him and after that you'll belong to me, eh? You can bring the portmanteau you mention it will do to hold sweets, and as many animals as you can carry, so long as you bring yourself safe and sound to your loving Jack.

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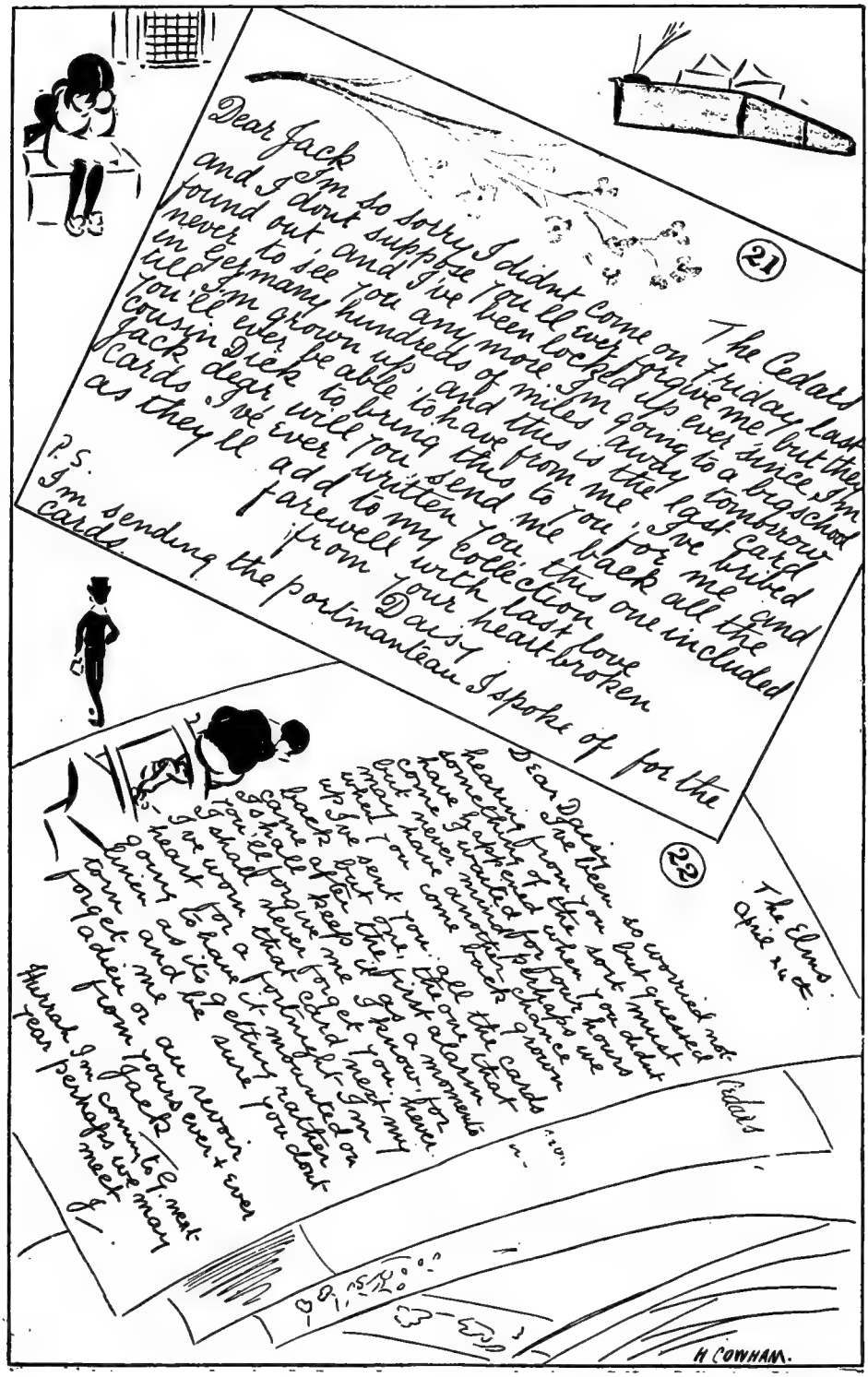
21
The Cedars
Friday last
Dear Jack
and I'm so sorry I didnt come on
found out, and I've been locked up ever since I'm
never to see you any more I'm going to a big school
in Germany hundreds of miles away tomorrow
till I'm grown up, and this is the last card
you'll ever be able to have from me, I've bribed
cousin Dick to bring this to you for me and
Jack dear will you send me back all the
Cards I've ever written you this one included
as they'll add to my collection
farewell with last love
from your heart-broken
Daisy
P.S. I'm sending the portmanteau I spoke of for the
cards.
22
The Elms
Ophir 24 Oct
Dear Daisy
heaven I've been so worried not
hearing from you but guessed
something must
have happened
but I suppose
when I've sent
you it's not
come yet
may never
up I've sent
Same to you
I'm afraid
I've worn
heart
going
town
forget
from
Hurrah I'm coming to England
dear perhaps we may meet
H COWHAM.

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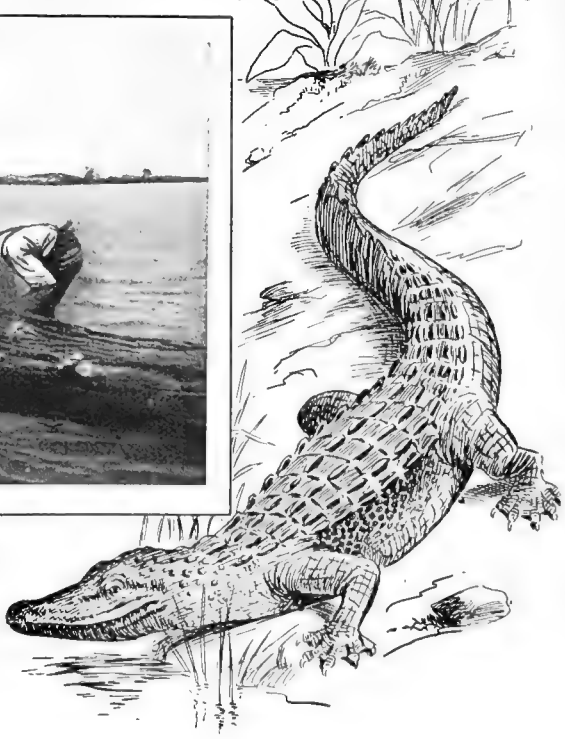
# PTOLEMY·THE CHAMPION DIVER



Ptolemy posing for his photograph before starting on his awful journey.

*How Ptolemy, the Crocodile, passed over the Falls of Niagara, and arrived safe and sound on shore.*

By Hector Grainger.

*Illustrated with Photographs.*

Only two living creatures have ever passed over the Falls of Niagara and been known to come out alive—a crocodile and a woman. Ptolemy, for such was the crocodile's name, made his champion dive last June, Mrs Taylor last October, and both enjoy to-day the best health, although I hardly think that either would care to do the thing over again.

Most people have read of Mrs. Taylor's feat; how she consented to be shut up in a specially-made barrel, and, after the terrible dive, was brought to land just as she was drifting to certain death on some rocks that lie a mile or so below the Falls. When they opened the barrel she was perfectly conscious, and expressed the utmost surprise on learning that she had actually passed over the Falls. Subsequent examination showed her to have sustained no worse injury than a slight concussion of the brain.

Ptolemy's feat, on the other hand, has been very little talked about, although it caused a good deal of excitement among American naturalists at the time. It was then believed that no creature could possibly pass alive over the Falls, but Mr. Boswick, a well-known scientist, had his doubts on the matter, and determined to try the experiment with a crocodile. So Ptolemy, a fine specimen of his race, hard as a rock, a hundred years old, and a very powerful swimmer, was selected by Mr. Boswick for the perilous dive.

It was from Navy Island, a small island situated a short distance above the Falls, that Ptolemy started on his sensational journey. Before his final departure he was photographed, then the rope by which he was tethered was undone, and he drifted away on a log with which Mr. Boswick had thoughtfully provided him.

Those who watched his progress declare that he evinced not the slightest nervousness at the rapid drifting of the log. He stood on it and quietly surveyed the shores on either hand. And when he arrived nearer to the edge of the Falls, and the current becoming more turbulent, the log overturned, Ptolemy showed not the least alarm, but continued to drift with the utmost placidity. A powerful swimmer even for a crocodile, Ptolemy

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might still have turned about and made for land, but, suspecting nothing, he gave himself passively to the current.

Those watching his progress from the shore lost sight of him when he arrived amid the choppy water quite near the dreadful brink. But at the last supreme moment he rose to the full view of all, for, just before the great drop, realisation of his position seems to have at length

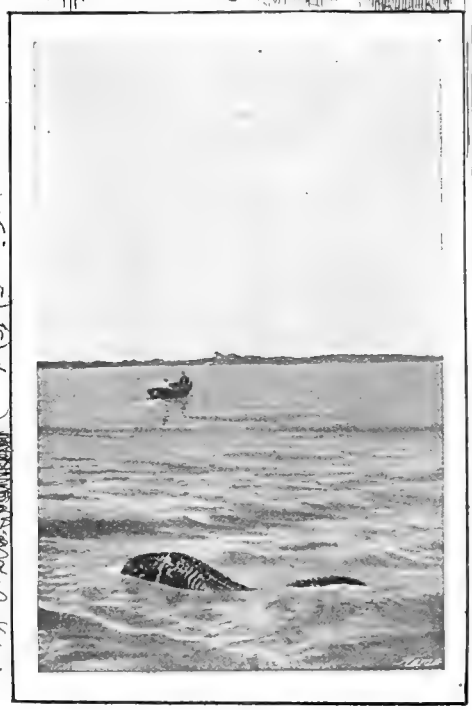
Ptolemy making his start on a log.

entered Ptolemy's brain. With what must have been a tremendous effort he lifted almost half his body out of the water, waved his forelegs wildly in the air, and opened his jaws and closed them with a snap of despair. Then he dropped into the abyss.

Ptolemy's immediate fall was 164 feet. Then he descended the "hole" which the vast volume of water has made for itself through the ages, the depth of which has never yet been sounded.

It was exactly half-past three when Ptolemy passed over the Falls, and for a full hour the crowd eagerly scanned the comparatively smooth water beyond for a sign of him—and scanned in vain. Ptolemy, was the general opinion, had become one of the numerous martyrs to science; he had been crushed to a jelly in those awful subterranean depths. Even Mr. Boswick, who had so firmly believed that Ptolemy would emerge safe and sound, at length gave up hope.

It was at five o'clock that Ptolemy's trainer descried a black spot up the river. He gave the peculiar whistle which he always uses to draw the creature's attention, and after a while, to the joy of the watchers, the black spot turned about and made for the shore. It was indeed Ptolemy! dead beat, truly, but safe and whole.



Ptolemy drifting down the river towards the Falls.

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# THE GRANVILLE GARDENS MYSTERY.

By H. Hunter.

Paul Rutterforth's wife was dead. Doctor Boulter, of Harley Street, had given a certificate, and the lonely widower had promptly sent in his claim for £10,000 to the Minerva Life Office, in which Mrs. Rutterforth's life had been insured.

At seven o'clock in the evening of a certain day in July Mrs. Rutterforth sat down to dinner with a small party of friends at her house, No. 19, Granville Gardens. At midnight she complained of feeling unwell. At daybreak she was worse. At noon Mr. Rutterforth was advised to abandon hope; and before five, Mrs. Rutterforth was dead.

It was just three years since Mrs. Rutterforth's life had been accepted by the Minerva for £10,000.

"There should have been a *post-mortem*," said the chairman testily, discussing the matter with Doctor Blake, the Board's medical adviser, on the morning of the day when the Rutterforth claim was coming up for final consideration. "The man knows a bit more than the profession."

The doctor passed his hand slowly over his chin and smiled.

"It was a very curious case" he said. "A case which had many points of interest for the profession"

"It was a common swindle" snapped the chairman, "perpetrated by a man with an uncommon knowledge of toxicology. The woman was poisoned. Yes—poisoned," repeated the chairman, irritated by the smile which still lingered round the mouth of the doctor, "poisoned by a drug, which in its action developed the symptoms that deceived Boulter—a drug of whose very existence, Doctor Blake, medical science may probably be ignorant; for I don't suppose the schools will claim to have exhausted the whole repertory of Nature. I say again, there should have been a *post-mortem*."

"A *post-mortem*," said the doctor, "would have revealed nothing—nothing that is that we do not know. The woman died of the disorder set forth upon her certificate."

The chairman of the Minerva shrugged his shoulders. "On a question of pathology a layman must necessarily defer to a physician," he murmured wearily. "But I've a firm conviction, notwithstanding, that we are being most shamefully swindled," and Herbert Frampton, Esq., got up from his chair, and began pacing the floor with slow and regular steps.

"With Boulter's certificate in his pocket," he went on, "and our own medico at the back of Boulter, of course Rutterforth thinks he can afford to laugh at us. Boulter has the whole weight of the faculty behind him, and he's committed to the opinion that his patient died of cholera ——"

"Of Asiatic cholera," the doctor put in.

"I won't split words with you, Doctor Blake," said the chairman, a little grumpily. "Moreover, a point which sticks very much in my mind, is the fact that of the members of the Rutterforth dinner party on the night in question, Mrs. Rutterforth was the only victim of the mysterious malady; her life, by one of those little ironies which Fate is said to delight in, being worth £10,000. Of course it is open to you to use this very circumstance to defend Boulter's opinion; but——"

"I have always admitted the Rutterforth case to be a very interesting study," interjected the doctor. "But you must allow me

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to set you right on one particular, Mr. Frampton. True! we've not been able to learn very much about those present on that unfortunate occasion. For while the Rutterforth's lived in a style above suspicion, their acquaintances seem to have been mostly 'casuals'—people picked up at foreign watering-places. They travelled a good deal, Mr Rutterforth being bitten with an unhappy mania for games of chance. But that is by-the-bye."

"Ah!" exclaimed the chairman, resuming his seat.

"Yes," nodded the doctor, with a meaning look. "But, *apropos* of the guests. I've made a little discovery. Indeed, I may call it an interesting discovery."

The chairman crossed his legs, and began nursing his knee.

"Amongst the partakers of Mr Rutterforth's hospitality on that particular evening was a Mr Richard Thornbury—a gentleman with an address at Charlton. Well, he was attacked during the night with symptoms exactly similar to those of which Mrs Rutterforth complained, and with the same result. He died next day, but three hours earlier than Boulter's patient—the local practitioner certifying for *cholera*."

The chairman of the Minerva looked thoughtfully at the doctor. "Well," he said slowly, "does that help us?"

"I'm not prepared to say at this moment," replied the doctor oracularly.

"It complicates matters for us a little, doesn't it?" pursued the chairman. "But I still maintain the opinion I first expressed."

The doctor's eyes twinkled while the doctor's voice said, "Poison? My dear sir, the woman died from natural causes. Boulter will prove that. And if you decide to fight Rutterforth after you've heard my story, Boulter's certificate will be the corner stone on which we shall build our case."

There was doubt on the chairman's face, but he composed himself to listen.

"Certain of the purely professional aspects of the case, you know, have always struck me as being a bit peculiar—as being outside the experience of the man whose practice has been confined within his native borders. Well, finding the matter grow in interest the longer I looked at it, and having regard to the meeting to take place this afternoon, I called on Doctor Boulter a day or two ago. It was at Boulter's suggestion, you know, that Sir Trevor Hudson, the great specialist, was called in. About the cause of Mrs Rutterforth's death there has never been the slightest room for doubt. It was cholera—Asiatic cholera.

"Questioned by Boulter, Rutterforth could only suppose that his wife caught it down east.

"Slumming, he said, was a favourite fad of hers. There was an opium den in the neighbourhood of the docks, which he knew she had visited to obtain 'copy' for a novel she said she was writing. He had protested, but Mrs. Rutterforth was wilful. She had been to the place that very morning—had talked of it during dinner. It was there, no doubt, she had caught the contagion.

"When Sir Trevor arrived the patient was delirious, her skin mottled, her lips black. He was surprised, but hearing the explanation which Boulter had received from Rutterforth, expressed himself satisfied. When death ensued, the cause was clear. There was no excuse for withholding the certificate.

"But while death may be due to natural causes Mr. Frampton," said the doctor impressively, "the causes themselves may be

**"A post-mortem," said the doctor, "would have revealed nothing."**

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set in operation by unlawful means. Knowledge has always meant power.

"That same evening," continued the M.D., "I was looking through the *Lancet*, when my attention was attracted by the heading to a letter. It was a technical phrase, seldom heard on the lips of a London practitioner, and had been employed by Boulter to describe the precise nature of the malady which had killed Mrs. Rutterforth. The letter proved to be from the surgeon at Charlton who had attended Mr. Thornbury.

"The writer said, he thought the features of the case sufficiently remarkable to warrant him in calling attention to the facts.

"'This is the Rutterforth business over again,' said I, laying down the paper. The coincidence struck me as much too singular to be casual.

"Next morning, I ran down to Charlton, found out my man and had a little talk with him. He was an ex-Army surgeon, who had seen cholera in India, Hong-Kong and other places in the east. We discussed the case together.

"'Thornbury,' said he, 'died from cholera of a most peculiar and malignant type.' A type that he had never met with, save in two places in the east.

"The Army-man refused to believe that cholera in that particular form could be contracted in England by ordinary means, and through ordinary channels.

"Thornbury, unfortunately, when seen, had already passed into the comatose stage. A man of independent means; a bachelor with few relations—his housekeeper supplied the information that he had been dining out—with friends in the west of London, she believed.

"The Charlton man undertook to ascertain if the 'friends' lived in Granville Gardens. A note from him received last night puts the matter beyond a doubt.

"It must have been at Rutterforth's, therefore, that Thornbury contracted the disease which killed him. The man was *murdered*, in fact—murdered, as surely as if struck down by the steel of the assassin. Yet the hand was the hand of Nature. It was the selection of the victim that was the work of man.

"The death of Mrs. Rutterforth on the same day, from the same type of the same malady—a type practically unknown in England, a type which must have been carefully cultivated to a most diabolical pitch of deadliness—is proof conclusive that in both cases impregnation was effected at the same place and at the same time. So much, I think, is clear.

"It's only when we come to the why, and the how," continued the doctor, "that the road gets a bit foggy. Motives, however, do not concern me. My interest in the matter is purely professional. Rutterforth's profit in the death of his wife may have led him to commit a criminal act. But what was the motive in the case of Thornbury? That, I conceive, may be a not unimportant subject of inquiry; but it is what happened in Granville Gardens which interests me.

"You said just now, Mr. Frampton, that Rutterforth knew more than the profession. Well, perhaps the doctors may know a little more than the laity give them credit for. But Rutterforth, I should say, has certainly acquired knowledge of a kind with which only the fewest in the profession have any practical acquaintance. The man who has done this thing is no novice, Mr. Frampton. He can go "one better," to borrow your own phrase, than the hypodermic injection needle. The needle pricks and leaves a mark. But Rutterforth can introduce death into the human system while the victim, all unconscious of the ghastly business, is in full enjoyment of the pleasures of the moment. He compels Nature to do the work for him. He makes *her* his accomplice. To convict him of procuring the demise of these two persons—of Mrs. Rutterforth and Richard Thornbury—will be no easy task. He has devised a means of introducing death into the system, which is novel, secret, safe and *certain*. The man is evidently a skilled bacteriologist; a scoundrel who has graduated in science—a vampire who lives on blood and thrives by the trade of *murder*."

"So you have come round to my opinion, after all doctor," murmured the chairman.

"Pardon me!"

"That Rutterforth killed his wife."

"*Poisoned*, I think, was the original word, Mr. Frampton," said the M.D. mildly. "Rutterforth did not poison his wife. He knew, as you say, 'one better.' Mrs Rutterforth died of cholera. The question always was—how did she contract it? I am convinced now that it was communicated. We have still to discover through what agent. And, as the first step towards discovery, I have taken it upon me to ask Mr Stonewall, late of the C.I.D., to call here this morning at eleven. He is probably in the waiting-room at this moment."

Mr. Frampton pressed an electric button.

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"If Mr Stonewall is in the waiting-room," said the chairman when the messenger appeared, "show him in here."

* * * * *

"Well, gentlemen," said ex-inspector Stonewall after Doctor Blake had opened the case, "it's curious now; but what you've just been telling me reminds me of a case that occurred about five years ago in Baltimore, when I was over on an extradition job, only it was Yellow Jack that time. It caused no end of a scare. That's how I come to remember it.

"A woman had died pretty suddenly—after a few hours illness. Yellow fever, whispered the doctor. But the Port Sanitary Authority had declared the place free. And the *Mercury* of New York declined to put up the money—25,000 dollars; for which the 'life' had been insured. They refused to accept the certificate. The husband threatened an action; and the Insurance people had up the body. That settled it. It *was* yellow fever sure enough—though how she got it was a mystery, for there wasn't but this solitary case in the town. However, the man got his 25,000 dollars. It was just a nine days wonder and then forgotten.

"This Granville Gardens job looks like a London edition. I never heard of two cases, at once so singular, and yet so much alike."

The chairman and the doctor exchanged glances.

"Do you remember the name?" asked the chairman.

"Drexel," returned the ex-policeman promptly. "Douglas Drexel. But s'posin' Rutterforth to be a 'crook,' he'll change his name as often as he changes his address."

"Could you recognise Drexel if you saw him?"

"Can't say as I could, sir—not to swear to, you know. But by happy chance, there's a man here now who might recognise him—Inspector Cassidy, of New York. He was employed by the *Mercury* to watch Drexel. He's over for a holiday. But he'd be real proud if he could spot Drexel in Rutterforth."

"What would you say the man's age might be, doctor?"

"Age? Oh! about two-or-three and-forty. Suffers from weak eyes and wears coloured glasses."

"Drexel hadn't weak eyes, and didn't wear glasses," commented the inspector. "But as near as I can say two-and-forty would be about his mark. Cassidy could fill in the bill though. I must put Jimmy on the job.

"But, allowing that Cassidy identifies the man, that won't take us very far in the Gardens business, Mr. Frampton. There was no charge made against Drexel, and the *Mercury* had to pay."

"It will be the first strand in the rope that will hang him," put in the doctor, "for I shall accept such identification as corroborating my theory that the disease was introduced into the healthy body by means of germs, cultivated to a potency which converts the patient into a simple victim. What we don't know, but what we've sent for you to find out for us, Mr. Stonewall, is how the introduction took place, and who was responsible for it.

"If my surmise be correct," added the doctor, "Rutterforth is a man who has made a close study of bacteriology. He must be at home amongst the tubes and processes of the laboratory. He will probably have a private laboratory fitted up in his own house. The manipulation and cultivation of bacteria is a very delicate business, Mr Stonewall."

"Do you suppose the organisms to have been conveyed in the food, doctor?" asked the ex-inspector.

"In the dinner? No. The dishes would be prepared in the kitchen. To introduce the germs in the food Rutterforth would have to concoct the dish himself. I suggest that the bacilli were introduced in some kind of beverage—some liqueur probably. Some special liqueur which Mrs. Rutterforth was in the habit of taking."

"And Thornbury?" queried Stonewall.

The doctor shook his head "I'm afraid we cannot help you. From the point of view in which such cases are usually approached, Thornbury's is the more mysterious of the two."

"You can suggest no motive?"

"None—nor how the virus was introduced into his blood. For while I can easily conceive that Mrs. Rutterforth may have affected some special fancy; and the husband have taken advantage of the knowledge—though in what manner is not clear—I cannot suppose a similar thing in the case of a mere dinner guest, who would be served in the ordinary way and after the usual fashion."

The ex-inspector pondered a moment; and then said "I s'pose now you can't tell me doctor, if Rutterforth knows about this—this affair of Thornbury's I mean."

"Haven't the ghost of a notion. Only heard of it myself through the *Lancet*."

"H'm. I always find it simplifies matters when you can lay hold of a motive. Well,



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"Sorry you've had to take to glasses, Mr. Drexel."

s'pose we draft a par, and I'll leave it at one of the News Agencies on my way back. It'll be in all the papers to-morrow, and amongst 'em Rutterforth's bound to see it. The way he takes it will give me the hint I want. And I'm bound to find that out through the servants. There's never any secret, gentlemen, in a house full of servants."

And the ex-inspector laughed.

The paragraph which Mr Stonewall left at the Amalgamated Press Agency half an hour later ran as follows:

We learn that the mysterious deaths from cholera which have lately taken place at the West End of London, where a lady succumbed after a few hours' illness—and at Croxley Place, Charlton, where the victim, a gentleman who had been dining in the neighbourhood of Granville Gardens, was carried off in a still shorter time, are likely to form the subject of judicial inquiry.

It is pointed out as a curious circumstance that in both cases the disease developed features of a peculiar and distinctive type.

* * * * *

"Cassidy bowled him with an old trick, Mr Frampton," said the inquiry agent a few days later, explaining matters to the chairman and the doctor in the manager's room. "Stalked him through half-a-dozen streets. Recognised him by a peculiar movement of the left shoulder which only shows in walking—some contraction of the muscles on that side. Hailed him as Drexel. Off guard, the man half-turned; but recovering himself instantly proceeded on his way. 'Sorry you've had to take to glasses, Mr. Drexel,' said Cassidy offering his hand. 'Nothing serious I hope with the sight. You remember me? Inspector Cassidy of New York. Met you last in Baltimore.'

"But Drexel denied all knowledge of his questioner. His name, he said, was not Drexel; and he had never been in Baltimore.

"'No?' said Cassidy. 'Well, I *am* surprised. Never heard of the *Mercury* Life, p'raps, in New York? Well, if you ain't Douglas Drexel, mister, you ought to be. You've acquired his walk and borrowed his *voice*,' and Jimmy having fired his bolt apologised and withdrew.

"That encounter, gentlemen, and the *par* in the papers," said Stonewall deliberately winking at the doctor, "has been a bit more than Rutterforth could swallow. He's had a row with his valet, who is also his butler; and given the whole job away.

"My man got it from one of the servants who's sister to the cook. Our information gentlemen, has often to come *viâ* the kitchen; but it isn't to be despised on that account. We find it's pretty correct in the main, if the details are not quite in order.

"The man, Giorgio Cerritanno, an Italian from New Orleans if you please, dropped a few words to the cook which should settle the Rutterforth business.

"His master, he said, had rung for a brandy-and-soda; and when he, Giorgio, took it in, his master flung down the paper he was reading, and started on him about the *crême de menthe* which Madame always took after her coffee."

The doctor pricked up his ears.

"'Master' said he, 'say he know now how he lose his dear wife.' And, 'what you do with that *crême de menthe*? You no bis'ness to serve any *crême de menthe* only to Madame,' and I say—'It *was* Madame who ask for it—for Monsieur. She say to him, she always take it, and will he take one with her. So I put in the ice that was left and serve to Monsieur.'"

"'You born idiot!' roar the master, 'Your blunder will cost you dear. The man is dead; the story is in the papers and the pollice will be coming to-night. You have made one ver big mistake Messer

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Giorgio, and if the pollice find you here they will hang you. I ought,' he say, 'to give you up, but as you're more fool than rogue, I'm willing to help you out.'"

"You see, Mr. Frampton," said the doctor, "the bacilli were in the ice. But I don't understand Rutterforth's leaving the concoction of such a deadly dose to a valet. That p'raps will account for the extraordinary virulence of the attack which killed Thornbury, whose death, after all, would appear to have been something of a misadventure."

"Which is just what I was wanting to find out," said the ex-Inspector, "when I proposed to get a 'par' into the papers. You could suggest no motive. Then it occurred to me that supposin' Thornbury had been ignorantly made a victim, the 'par' ought to give Rutterforth shivers. He'd see at once how much it added to the risk he was taking, and be almost certain to give himself away—somehow."

"But the real clincher's to come. Says Giorgio, speaking of the cook. 'I tol him that if anything was to blame it was the ice, it smelt ver bad.' He say, 'Pack your box and get away. I ver sorry for you Giorgio, but I want no pollice in my house. Leef Englandt to-night, and to show I haf no ill-feeling—it was mistake I know—but the pollice, you cannot convince them—I gif you fifty pounds to start with in Milano. As for Madame, she die of cholera. The doctor say so. I no blame you for that.'"

"Can't we get hold of him, Stonewall—of this fellow Giorgio?" cried the chairman excitedly.

"I'm afraid he's gone, sir," said the ex-inspector. "But ——"

"You must go after him. We'll take out a warrant for Rutterforth's arrest, and trust to the chapter of accidents providing us with the legal proof at the proper moment."

* * * * *

The trial of Paul Rutterforth for the murder of his wife was the sensation of the season.

The chief points made against him were the discovery at the house in Granville Gardens of a laboratory fitted with every appliance for the study of bacteriology, together with a very considerable number of micro-organisms, culture specimens and specific germs of deadly diseases in various stages of growth and preparation, and his identification by Inspector Cassidy, of the New York Detective Force, as Douglas Drexel, who had been suspected of procuring the death of a woman at Baltimore five years before, when he had been paid 25,000 dollars by the Mercury Office in New York.

The case, however, seemed on the point of breaking down for want of positive evidence, when a telegram was handed up to the judge, who, after reading it, consented to adjourn the case over the next day.

It was understood that an important witness had just arrived at Queenstown by mail steamer. Ex-Inspector Stonewall had had a longer chase after Giorgio Cerritanno than he had anticipated.

Rutterforth, playing on the Italian's not ill-founded dread of being brought into contact with the police, had succeeded in fairly frightening the man, whose past was a bit hazy, and whom he had picked up in New Orleans and brought over as valet.

Traced to Genoa, Stonewall found that Cerritanno had taken steamer to New York. Following by next packet, the ex-detective had found his man at a restaurant kept by one of his compatriots in Lower Broadway. But to induce Giorgio to return and give evidence against Rutterforth had been no easy matter.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when Cerritanno stepped into the box. His appearance produced a marked effect upon the man in the dock. A deathly pallor overspread his features, and he clutched with convulsive fingers at the rail in front of him.

"His master," said the witness, "came to him in the pantry with a small block of ice, which he had brought from the laboratory, whither he, Giorgio, had often taken ice at his master's request. Crushing a portion of the block into small pieces he half filled one of the glasses with it, and bade him, Giorgio, pour in *créme de menthe*, which Madame took instead of cognac, and serve."

"Ah!" whispered the doctor to the chairman, "I thought he would never trust such delicate business to a valet."

"The prisoner had done the same thing on previous occasions; but the witness could not say if Madame had been unwell in consequence.

"It was Madame who asked for the *créme de menthe* for Monsieur.

"It was the custom of the prisoner himself to throw away the ice left over; but on this occasion he neglected to do so; and when he, Giorgio, prepared the second *créme de menthe*—to save himself the trouble of opening the refrigerator, he filled up the glass with what was left.

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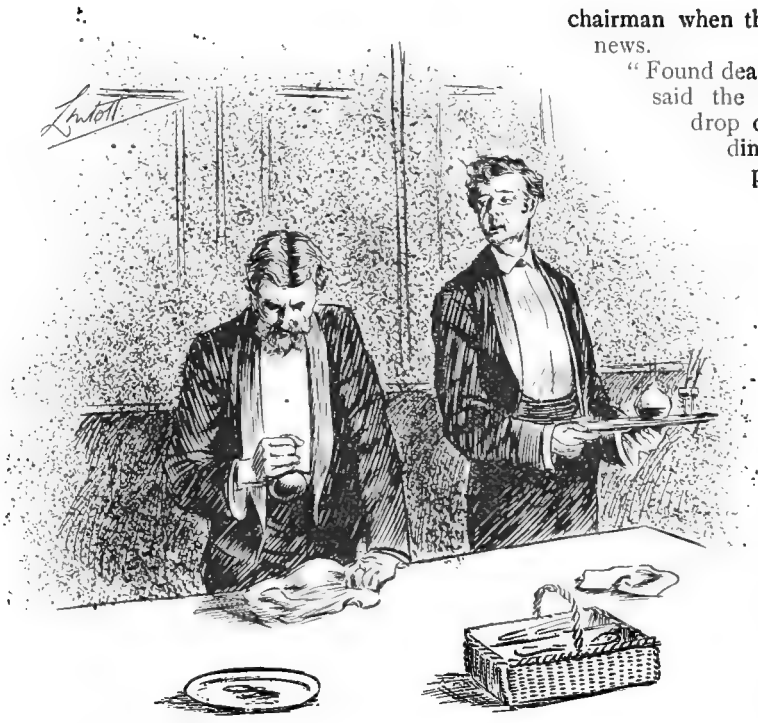

**"Crushing a portion of the block into small pieces, he half filled one of the glasses with it."**

"Clearing up the pantry later, he found some pieces of half melted ice on the floor. They gave off a very bad smell;' and picking them up he placed them in a stoppered bottle which he put at the back of the top shelf in the pantry cupboard.

"He supposed it was because he thought there was something wrong with the ice, and he might get the blame. It was the same ice which his master used."

A professor from St. Mary's Hospital deposed that, he had received from the police a stoppered bottle containing a quantity of melted ice which he had examined. He found that it was a living mass of cholera bacilli, originally from active cholera; but raised by cultivation to a frightful potency; and frozen without affecting their activity.

Upon their introduction to the human system they would at once come to life, developing in a few hours a most malignant type of Asiatic cholera."

After hearing the professor the verdict was inevitable.

* * * * *

"Dead! Rutterforth dead!" cried the chairman when the doctor burst in with the news.

"Found dead in his cell this morning," said the doctor. "Killed by a drop of poison concealed in a diminutive golden capsule placed in a hollow tooth. He was prepared for the emergency you see.

"The warders, thinking he was sleeping overlong, went to wake him, and found he was dead."

"Well!" exclaimed the chairman. "This case *has* been one of surprises."

"Surprises!" echoed the Doctor. "My dear sir! In the man who called himself Paul Rutterforth we laid hands on one of the greatest surprises of the century—the cunningly equipped, highly polished, *scientific murderer*, Borgia *redivivus*.

"Medical science, Mr. Frampton," continued the doctor, "may not have exhausted the whole repertory of Nature, but she knows 'a bit more' than the scoundrel who tries to 'go one better' on the profession."

"You've scored off me there, doctor, certainly," said the chairman smiling. "Allow me to congratulate you. But ten thousand, you know! Ten thousand isn't exactly what you'd call a trifle. And when a man feels that he's just being diddled out of his coppers by an unconscionable scoundrel, who boasts about having law and science behind him—well, he may p'r'aps be excused if his language *is* a little bit loose and extravagant.

"Yet," he added, "it was not the prospect of losing the money which made me furious as of losing it to Rutterforth—a man I felt certain to be a rascal—and to see all you fellows going over to his side in a body——. Well, well! apparently—of course, only apparently.

"You medical gentlemen are scientists before all; and my apologies are due to a distinguished profession. I beg you to accept them."

"Patience is a virtue, Mr. Frampton," laughed the doctor as he left the room, "of which every M.D. knows the value. But I'm afraid your modern man of business has left the word out of his vocabulary."

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# MOLLY BAWN

Your mother won't hear o' the match,
Molly Bawn,
She won't let me have ye at all;
For my cabin has nivver a thatch,
Molly Bawn,
An' nivver a dure in the wall.
She won't let me take ye for life,
Molly Bawn,
For life's not all dancin' a jig;
And I haven't a place for a wife, Molly
Bawn,
Not to mintion a cow or a pig!

But what does that matther at all,
Molly Bawn?
Come winter, an' come the black
storm
To howl through the holes in the wall,
Molly Bawn,
Young love would kape both of us
warm!
We don't need a mansion so smart,
Molly Bawn,
Wid carpets to cover the flures,
While you have a place in my heart,
Molly Bawn,
An' I have a corner in yours!

HENRY EDLIN.

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# "GOOD NIGHT!"

By R. Saxon.

To sleep on your back with your legs drawn up is the sign of a weak heart.

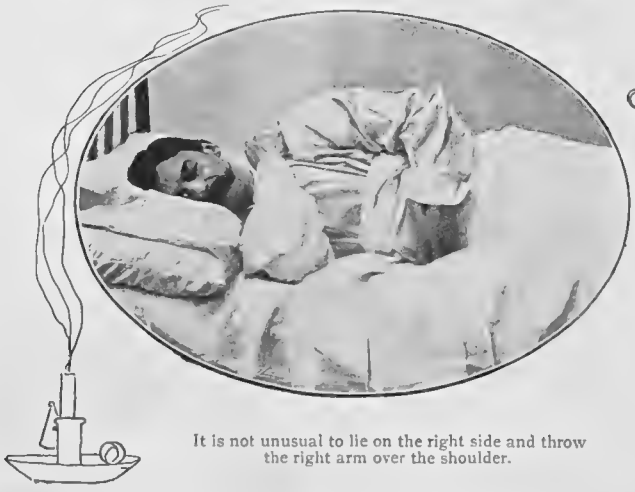
When night has come and you are settling yourself comfortably in bed, does it ever occur to you that you spend about twenty-three years of your life in bed? Of course, some people require more sleep than others, and we do not all die at the same age, but the man who sleeps for eight hours out of the twenty-four, and attains the ripe age of three score years and ten has devoted nearly a quarter of a hundred of his years to sleep. Just think of it!

And yet it is by no means wasted time, for "sleep, that great consoler," is the best brain and nerve tonic imaginable.

To sleep like this is distinctly unhealthy.

"Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," says the old proverb, but at the risk of being fools I think we most of us share the cry of Sophie Fulgarny in "The Gay Lord Quex" — "I *must* have my eight hours."

When the great Lord Cardinal wanted to curse the little



It is not unusual to lie on the right side and throw the right arm over the shoulder.

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Jackdaw of Rheims he hit upon a most ingenious anathema:

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil and wake in a fright.

Everybody knows the harrowing effect of this curse upon the little jackdaw, and if you *will* eat crab and sliced cucumber, and then go to sleep lying upon your back, you have only yourself to blame if you find yourself in a similar case.

Have you ever started up in bed with your hair on end and beads of cold perspiration breaking out upon your face, shaking with fright and looking about for the grim goblins of your dreams — only to find that they are merely the effect of a really rabid attack of indigestion?

It is not a sweet sensation, so take care not to encourage it. Some people are such good sleepers that they can sleep almost anywhere and anyhow. The cold flags of Waterloo Bridge, or the cobble-stones of the market-place, make a pillow of down to the tired worker at noonday. Men sleep soundly the night before execution, soldiers sleep upon the march, and it is a well-known fact that Wellington and other great generals could always rest like children on the eve of battle.

To be seen on a frosty night.

Have you ever awakened to find yourself in this position?

There was once a man who apologised for sleeping through an earthquake, on the ground that his wife's curtain-lectures had rendered him invulnerable to sound.

To be seen on a sweltering night.

Do not lie on your back if you wish to avoid nightmare.

The sleeper who buries his face in his pillow would fare badly if burglars came. Pillows are not always comfortable things, as poor Desdemona found to her cost. They are intended for laying your head upon, and not for burying your face in as if you were a hunted ostrich in the desert. The sleeper who falls into this mistake, will regret it in the morning, for his slumber will be anything but calm and refreshing. It is a very great mistake to bury your

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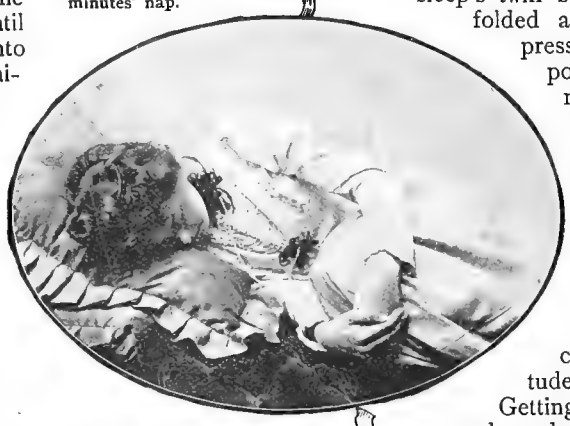
A favourite position with people who mean only to take a few minutes' nap.

head in your bedclothes. Neither is it good to huddle the clothes round you until you turn yourself into a very respectable imitation of a chrysalis. It is generally done at the expense of your feet, which are left out in the cold; and if you happen to have a bed-fellow it is positively unkind, for you are bound to take the lion's share of the bedclothes.



When you suffer from indigestion you often curl up like this

Troubled sleep manifests itself in all sorts of queer and unpleasant ways—tossings about, mutterings, and even somnambulism. It is not a nice experience to wake up and find yourself half out of bed, with your hand trying to grasp the floor, still under the impression that you are being shipwrecked.

If you fling yourself down upon a sofa for the traditional "forty winks" on a July afternoon, you usually assume a natural and comfortable pose. It does not always follow that it is a becoming one. Some persons are fond of resting the face upon the hand, which is a favourite attitude with children. Sometimes the arm is raised and flung carelessly above the head, which reminds one of the gruesome story of the vain young lady in the sixties who was willing to suffer to be made beautiful, and therefore tied her hands to the canopy of her bed by long cords—they had four-poster bedsteads in those days—to make them white, and was found stone dead in the morning as a natural consequence.

Sometimes the attitude assumed carelessly in sleep savours strongly of sleep's twin brother—death; the folded arms, peaceful expression, and utter repose are strikingly reminiscent of the last sleep of all, while sometimes a sleeper who hunts in dreams, like the uncomfortable squire in "Locksley Hall," will assume many and diverse uncomfortable attitudes.

Getting out of bed backwards makes things go wrong for the day, while to rise on the right side is accounted lucky, so it is well

To rest the face on the hand is a favourite position, especially with children.

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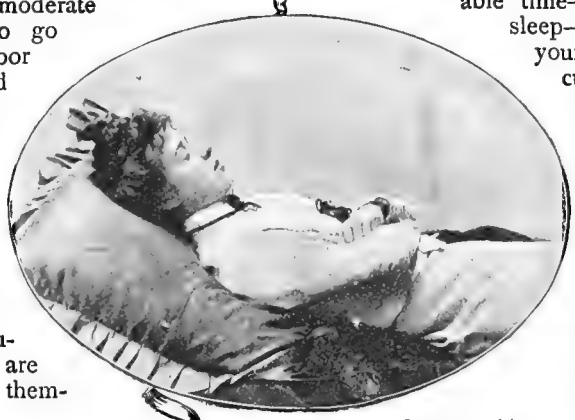
to bear these two facts in mind, and not fly directly in the face of—dream-books. It is all very well to jest at Fate and omens, but if you happen to have a cartload of bricks fall upon your devoted head, or be the only passenger injured in a railway accident, it is not pleasant to reflect that a little more care in your manner of getting up might have altered the stern course of events.

Unintentionally graceful.

Among the oddest of odd professions is that of the professional "waker up." The task of rousing the workers from their slumbers at an early hour is undertaken, for a moderate fee, by men who go from door to door waking the tired sleepers in time for their work. Both here and on the Continent this system prevails in many big towns, and if an unwelcome, it is, at all events, a useful, office, and invaluable to those who are prone to oversleep themselves.



In some positions the sleeper has a very death-like appearance.

The best way to insure a comfortable and healthy night's rest is to go to bed in reasonable time—mindful of beauty sleep—and go to sleep on your *right* side, slightly curled up. Avoid sleeping upon the left; it is quite a wrong position, and will soon show you that it is so by causing your heart-beats to make themselves felt in a highly uncomfortable manner, so much so that very few sleepers care to remain long lying upon the left side. If you follow these simple directions you will avoid restless and broken slumber, and will sleep as comfortably as Rip Van Winkle, and hear the soft sound of your alarm clock in the morning with a feeling of intense regret.

Scarcely pretty.

Above all things avoid the "health" methods of misguided people who scrub their skin off every morning, walk twenty miles a day, parboil themselves in Turkish baths, lift the weight of a rhinoceros before breakfast, and rise at 4 a.m.—on principle. Work and outdoor exercise are the best soporific in the world.

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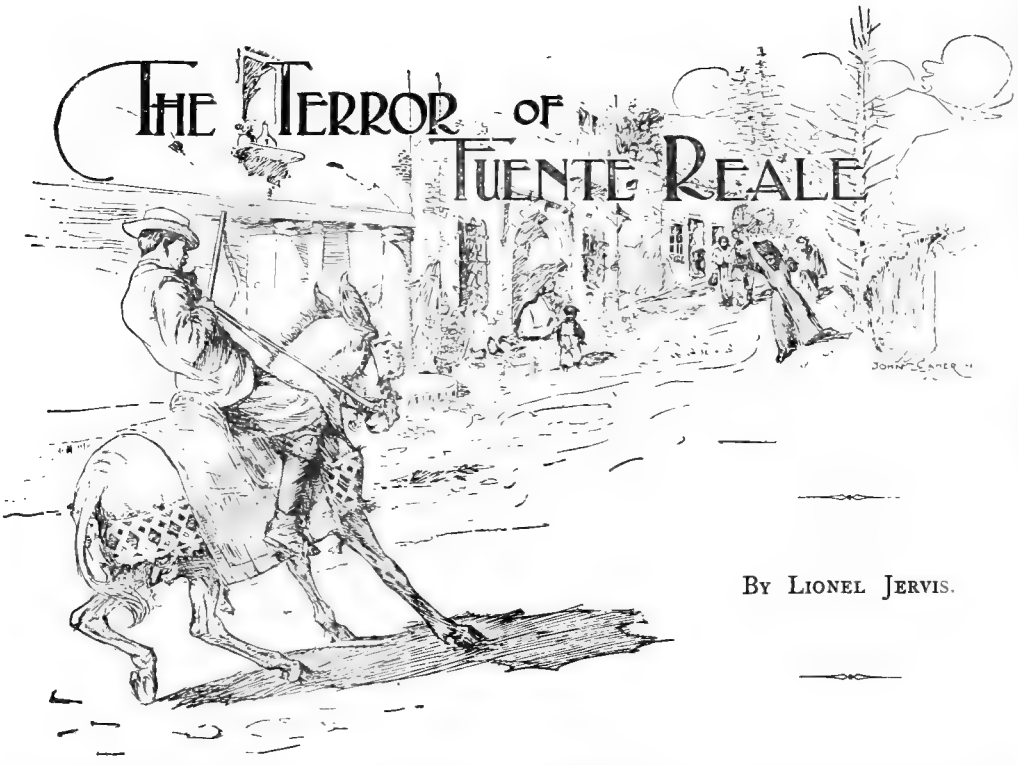
# The Terror of Fuente Reale



By Lionel Jervis.

There had been a wreck during the night at Fuente Reale, and all hands had perished.

I learned this from my landlord. Old Manuel was full of information that morning. Before I had been down two minutes he had told me that I was very late, that it was a fine day, that it was finer than it had been yesterday.

A perfunctory glance at my watch confirmed his first observation; the two others were indisputably accurate. As I stepped on to the verandah into the fresh, salt air, and looked out over the gold-fretted billows sparkling in the sunlight, the glory of the morning and the contrast with the tumult and darkness in which night had shut down, had impressed even me; and I said so.

Manuel was evidently disappointed—possibly my manner was curt, for I was annoyed at being late—and endeavoured to whet my conversational appetite with the news of the wreck.

I fear I still continued unresponsive. In the event of a wreck on such a night on such a coast, I might have been surprised had I been told that anyone escaped; and the only factor that militated against the probability of many wrecks was the scantiness of the shipping.

The old man regarded me with strong disapproval.

"But this was no ordinary wreck," he snapped. "It was foretold. Foretold!" he repeated emphatically. "And it will bring Fear to Fuente Reale."

Clairvoyance and second sight are branches of occultism that have always attracted me. I forthwith exhibited a lively interest, and inquired who the old crone was who made such uncanny prophecies. Experience had told me that, amongst the peasantry, professors of second sight are generally "wise women," well stricken in years and ugliness.

Manuel was amused.

"O, ay, O, ay," he said. "Rosita Valdez. Yes, yes! Rosita Valdez. The señor had better ride over and see her. He is interested, and it is far too late for sport."

I was staying at a small sea-coast town, under the western spurs of the Pyrenees for a little mixed shooting. In the mountains were isard (or chamois), wolves, bears, boar and deer; and, besides, there were quail, etc., in abundance. Still, as mine host remarked, it was too late to set out with any reasonable hope of sport, and I *was* interested in the story of the prediction. Wherefore I ordered my mule—the track was impracticable for horses—and started to seek the Sibyl of Fuente Reale.

Since daybreak the peasantry had been on

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the shore watching for flotsam, but their harvest had been but scanty. The wind, indeed, had fallen with sunrise, but the great rollers were still coming in with tremendous power, and, even on the beach, salvage was precarious work.

There was no clue to the nationality of the unfortunate vessel; only three corpses had been washed up; of these, two, I judged, were Swedes, and one a Frenchman. The cargo, however, showed that she was a merchant ship laden with miscellaneous stores and odds and ends from South America. There were two casks of sugar, irretrievably damaged, several logs of greenheart and other timber, and a cage of macaws all twisted and torn, with a heap of dead, bedraggled birds at the bottom.

It seemed quite clear to me, from the nature of the coast, that the crew must have perished at once and practically without a struggle. I learned from the priest, however, that there was a theory that a rope had been got ashore, and certainly there were some marks on the sand that might have been caused by a heavy cable. Still it seemed to me that there was something unusual in the symmetry of the curves, and, besides, what had become of the men who had landed with it? Nobody was able to explain, though everyone had an explanation—which everyone else immediately proved to be untenable.

The priest had attached himself to me, as, he considered, hospitality demanded, which was very nice of him, but a great nuisance. I wanted to see the priestess of Apollo, and with such the Church of Rome hath no dealings. At length I escaped under the pretence of climbing the mountain behind the village, from which I had been told the view was magnificent.

The track lay along the banks of the Fuente Reale, the rivulet from which the village takes its name. The origin of this stream is very singular. It appears to be the overflow of an underground lake and first comes to light from beneath a natural archway at the foot of the great slate precipice that shuts in the head of the ravine.

This I ascertained afterwards. For the moment my object was to find the Sibyl of Fuente Reale without the supervision of the priest, and, as the entire population was on the beach, this did not seem probable. The scenery, too, was most depressing and gloomy, and it was far too hot to think of climbing the mountain.

I was about to return in very ill humour, when across the forbidding background at the head of the ravine flashed the bright figure of a peasant boy. He was crossing the stepping-stones near the source of the stream and singing gaily in his shrill, childish treble.

He would at least be able to tell me whereabouts to find the object of my quest—children always do know these things. He was coming towards me, too, so that all I had to do was to sit down and wait for him.

As I seated myself by the rivulet, it suddenly occurred to me that the water looked uncommonly clear and attractive and that I was exceedingly thirsty. In another minute I had scrambled down the bank and was kneeling by the stream. As I stooped towards the surface the singing suddenly ceased, and, when I looked up the boy was gone. I took no heed of this at the time—he might easily have been hidden by some projection of rock; moreover, the water itself occupied my entire attention.

It was quite warm, and a single evil-tasting, evil-smelling mouthful convinced me that it contained medicinal properties. In any other country but Spain there would have been hotels, baths, a pump-room, a casino, and what not, instead of merely a score or so of cottages.

But I would soon alter all that. I had plenty of money and I would buy the place, for a mere song. Then—then I would make a fortune; I saw myself on the front sheet of *The Times*, on the hoardings, on the Great Wheel. At home they would make me a knight, of course, but I aimed higher. The Zichys and Vichys and Hunjadi Janos would sneer at a simple English "Sir," but in a few years I would make the Spanish Government a handsome present. They manage these things better in Spain, and I should be created a Knight of the Golden Fleece, or something of that sort, and then I should be able to snap my fingers at all the Austro-Hungarian nobility that ever physicked bilious humanity. I was doing all these things and a great deal more, when a voice at my side brought me back from dreamland. It said:

"I see the señor is thinking, as I am, that death has come into the valley."

I looked round. The speaker was a tall slip of a girl, dressed in the picturesque garb of the peasantry. She was beautiful, even for a young Spanish girl, and in her eyes, poor child, was that peculiar far-away look which, without betokening ill-health, is said to be found oftenest in those whom the love of the gods has fated to die young. She was gazing into the stream with a troubled air,

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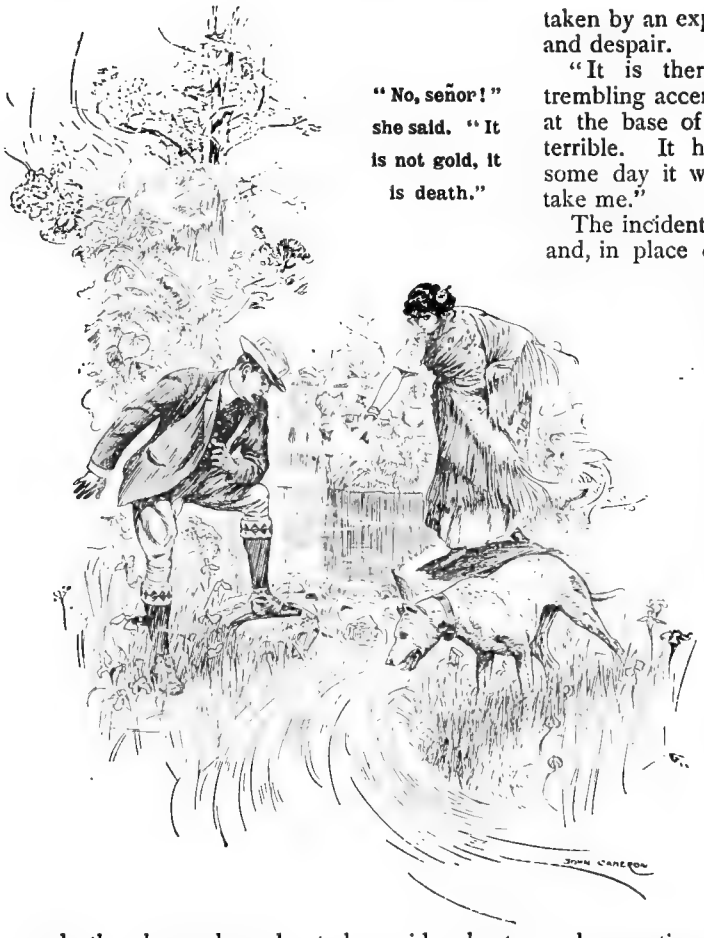

"No, señor!" she said. "It is not gold, it is death."

and the huge hound at her side kept glancing from her face to the water, and every now and then uttering a low growl.

"No, little one," I replied, "I was thinking that gold had come into the valley, and that more would come."

She shook her head.

"No, señor!" she said. "It is not gold, it is death. See! There is its mark on the water; it has taken some one already, and some day it will take me."

I looked down into the stream almost involuntarily, and certainly, just for a second, there was a ruddy stain on its surface—probably, I thought, attributable to a momentary excess of iron—but it was gone almost as quickly as it came.

"And where and what is this death, little one?" I asked.

She did not reply at once, but turned her eyes from me in the direction of the source of the stream. As I watched her I saw the wistful look die away, and its place was taken by an expression of unutterable horror and despair.

"It is there!" she said at length in trembling accents, pointing towards the arch at the base of the cliff. "It is strange and terrible. It has taken a life already, and some day it will take me, some day it will take me."

The incident took a strange hold on me, and, in place of continuing my walk, I returned to the village and recounted it to the priest. Somewhat to my surprise he seemed greatly perturbed and agitated by the story.

"Rosita Valdez is a strange girl," he said musingly. "There is little doubt that she does actually possess the gift of second sight. She prophesied last night's wreck. And she says a life has been taken to-day. I don't like it. I must inquire. I don't like it."

Rosita Valdez! So that was the Sibyl of Fuente Reale—that beautiful creature. She had foretold the wreck—and that it would bring fear to the village. At the thought, my heart seemed to contract with a nameless dread, and, for a moment—I was afraid. With a curt farewell, I turned away hurriedly, almost rudely, and, mounting my mule, rode sullenly back to my hotel.

The next morning I awoke with the presentiment of evil strong upon me. I dismissed it impatiently, once and again, but it persistently returned. As an antidote, I busied myself with preparing for an immediate journey to London with the object of realising money, in the event of my being able to negotiate my projected purchase of the stream. At two o'clock in the afternoon I rode out of the town southward towards the nearest railway station. Half-an hour later an urgent message arrived from Fuente Reale.

As I had anticipated, the change of surroundings and the bustle of business in London enabled me to shake off my depression. Only for a time, however; as matters approached completion and my mind was less occupied, the eerie sensation returned with ever increasing strength. At length one night I had a vision, I cannot call it a dream. I saw Rosita standing in the gorge; on her

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face was the same agonised expression I had noticed that day, and she was stretching out her hands appealingly; at the same moment a voice—her voice—whispered in my ear: "Save me, señor! For the love of the Virgin, save me!"

I could sleep no more that night, and three days later found me back at my old quarters. Old Manuel was genuinely glad to see me, and was, as usual, bubbling over with gossip, but this time his news was of a serious and startling nature. Fuente Reale was in great distress; on the day of the wreck a little boy had disappeared, and Rosita Valdez insisted that what she called the Terror of the Cavern had killed him.

The old man affected to laugh at the girl's fancy, but I did not feel like laughing. I recollected her mysterious words, the vanishing of the boy, the ruddy stain on the water, that "ripple running red"—Kipling's lines came back to me with most sinister significance. At least I would clear up the mystery once and for all, and, if necessary, search the cavern with fire and sword.

My sporting battery was in my room, as I had left it when I started so suddenly for London. Hastily piecing together my double Express and cramming some cartridges into my pocket, I hurried to the hotel porch where my mule was waiting. In another minute I was spurring furiously towards the valley of my vision.

I turned the last bend of the pass, and the sound became ominously distinct. It was the tolling of a bell. Full of vague misgiving, I pushed on to the main street of the village, and then—my heart seemed to stand still.

Round the furthest house, nearest the gorge, a group of men were advancing slowly. In their midst was a rude litter containing something—something whose long black hair lay straggling over the side, something that left a horrid dripping at every pace; and behind walked the great hound I had seen with Rosita.

I reined in, a strange feeling of horror creeping over me. I was aroused by the voice of the old priest. Grief and consternation were written on his face, and he could hardly speak. I knew his ill tidings before he could tell them; Rosita Valdez was dead, and men said the Terror of the Cavern had slain her.

"How did it happen?" I asked with a shudder.

His reply was incoherent. I gathered that some peasants coming down from the hills, were just rounding the rocks above the source of the stream, when they heard a shriek, followed by the worrying of a dog. They dashed down the path to find the hound standing at the mouth of the cave in an extremity of rage and terror, and just outside the archway was the body of Rosita.

The procession had now reached us, and, at my bidding, the litter was set down.

"She must have fallen from the cliff," said one man. "Of course, as Pedro says, it is strange that she should have been found right under the archway, but she may have struck a crag and bounded off."

"And how do you account for the dog being there?" exclaimed Pedro. "No! I tell you the Devil has carried off the little witch for himself."

There was an angry murmur at this, for Rosita had been beloved by all. As for me, I could have struck the brute at the time. I afterwards learned, however, that he was the father of the lost boy.

I turned my back on him, and bade them uncover the corpse for me to examine.

It was a shocking sight. No fall had killed her, that was evident; in fact, at first I thought she had been strangled—the veins on the face were swollen almost to bursting. But a closer inspection disposed of this theory. The body was absolutely smashed. I am not exaggerating; some of the bones were broken in half-a-dozen places.

As soon as the examination had been completed and the body removed to the chapel, I questioned the villagers about the cave. No! No one but Rosita seemed to think it dangerous. Stay a moment! Something had happened, but it was quite trivial. One day a girl had heard a tremendous clamour among a flock of geese at the end of the valley, and, when they were counted, one was missing.

This decided me. My ideas, till then but half-formed, took practical shape.

"Men!" I said, "I am convinced that some dangerous creature has taken up its abode in the cavern. What it is, I cannot guess, but it is a menace to the lives of all. I mean to destroy it. Now, who will help me?"

They all hung back; a sullen murmur of frightened dissent was the only answer.

"I do not propose that we should risk our lives," I continued. "We shall set a bait outside, and shoot the brute as soon as it appears. What! Surely Spaniards are not afraid?"

At this four men, four men only—it is due to Pedro to say that he was one—volunteered, and together we started for the fatal place.

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We were all armed; I with the rifle I had brought, the remainder with guns containing formidable charges of slugs. They also carried wood-cutters' axes, with which I reckoned on their doing considerable execution, even if the creature were armoured like an alligator. With us came the hound; he would not leave me.

The bait was to be a goat, and we were in the act of tethering it close to the archway, when the dog, with a furious growl, dashed past us, and stood at the cavern's mouth, every hair on end and every limb quivering in a frenzy of rage. In a flash, a long, greenish-grey, mottled body darted out of the darkness and enveloped the poor animal in its coils.

**A gigantic serpent came darting at us through the smoke.**

The men fired a simultaneous volley, some of which must have struck its mark, for, an instant after, a gigantic serpent came darting towards us through the smoke. I fired, and the rest, rushing in, quickly hacked the life out of the writhing body.

I recognised the snake at a glance. It was an Anaconda, the tremendous water boa of South America, and even amongst those Titans of the reptile tribe must have been a giant. It was over thirty-five feet in length and quite two feet in girth, and its strength was enormous. Even in the short space of time the men had taken to aim and fire it had crushed the hound to a jelly. Poor faithful dog! He had not long survived his mistress. Perhaps he was happier so.

The great serpent must have been brought over for some European collection in the vessel that was wrecked. No doubt it had swum easily ashore through the surf, so fatal to the crew; those mysterious marks on the sand, the track of the hawser, were the trail of the monster. Attracted by the warmth of the spring, it had naturally taken refuge in the deeper water of the cave, and from thence had levied terrible toll on the passers by.

Fuente Reale remains unexploited, and may do so for me. I am very certain that I could not sleep one night in that accursed valley—Rosita's reproachful eyes would haunt me; her voice, calling for help—on me, and in vain—would ring in my ears. Say what friends may (and they tell me I am morbid in blaming myself for the catastrophe), remorse for her death is with me now—is with me now—and may, perchance, be with me for ever.

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"Goal!" Rumour has it that a rule is about to be passed that a figure the size of an ordinary player should be drawn on Foulke. When the ball hits him outside the lines of the figure it must count as goal.

# FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS' - - FADS.

By George Epping.

*Illustrated by* Frank Gillett.

There is no more pleasing sight to anyone interested in football than to see two well-matched and skilful teams opposed to each other. Speed, stamina, and self-control are all apparent, while the peculiarities which many of the players show add an additional charm to the struggle. Here you see a man like Needham, whose delight is to take the ball almost from the toe of an opponent; while in another place perhaps W. J. Oakley is sending the ball half the length of the field with one of his huge kicks.

Needham delights to take a ball from the toe of an opponent.

I am going to speak of some of these peculiarities in the course of this article. As winners of the English Cup last season, the Tottenham Hotspur players deserve premier place. Several of their men have decided mannerisms. Brown, for instance, who established a record in goal scoring in this particular competition, falls on his left knee the moment he has shot at goal, and intently watches the ball as it travels towards the net from this position. Should the shot be successful, the enthusiasm of his colleagues frequently makes his resting-place more lowly still, and it is no unusual sight to see two or three of them helping him to his feet.

Brown invariably falls on one knee when shooting a goal.

John Cameron, secretary and forward, signalises a goal by taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face. He is one of the most stolid of players and stands about the field in various attitudes, suggestive of a curate at a tea-party. Still he has been known to show excitement. This was when he had the pleasure of bringing the cup to Tottenham, and those who saw him on that occasion declare that he set his companions a good pace.

Tom Smith appears to be composed of nothing but legs and arms when dashing at top speed along the touch-line; while "Tiger" Erentz is an imposing figure as, with arms uplifted and body drawn back, he jumps for the ball.

G. O. Smith, the great amateur centre forward, has one little distinguished fad. Just before

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This is John Cameron, the most solemn of footballers.

kicking-off he places his right foot on the top of the ball, and, with his hands on his hips, takes a last look round to make sure that everyone is in his place.

C. B. Fry, that Admirable Crichton of sport — being cricketer, sprinter, and footballer —lets his enthusiasm run riot occasionally when playing. He ranges the field like Job's war horse, and whenever one of the players does something particularly smart, he stops short to shout, "Oh! Well played our side," accompanied by a hearty clap.

Milward, of Everton and Southampton fame, is the Adonis and dandy of the football world. His moustache is one of the prides of his life, and he cultivates it assiduously. When not busy with the ball, he is generally to be seen twirling his moustache's ends very carefully, the operation being carried on amid the admiring glances of a large number of the young ladies who visit the Southern Club's ground.

J. Bell has a weakness for doing the "splits" when on the field, while he also tries to mesmerise the backs opposed to him by swinging his foot rapidly round the ball whenever it comes to a tussle between them.

Characteristic attitude of "Tiger" Lrentz when preparing to do great deeds.

John Campbell, one of the makers of the Sunderland team, was for ever putting his hair tidy. It was always parted with mathematical exactness, and no matter what heading he did in the game, not a hair could be disturbed without causing him mental anguish. The moment the interval arrived, comb and brush were brought into play, and should an accident, or the weather, give the players a short respite, Campbell was often to be seen making for the dressing-room to indulge once more in his tonsorial exercise.

Hugh Wilson, another old Wearsider, was a source of anxiety to football legislators, and envy to all his fellow professionals. He is blessed with unusually long arms, and a throw-in by him was better than a free kick to his side. This the legislators soon recognised, and altered the rule relating to throwing-in in consequence. It is not everyone who can boast of having such an honour paid him by the governing body of a game.

Tom Smith dashing at top speed along the touch-line. Never was there such a scorcher!

Although acknowledged to be one of the finest half-backs ever seen, Wilson's great desire was to play forward, and, it is said, he gave the Sunderland club's managers some uncomfortable times when pressing his claims for a trial on the front rank.

Devey, of Aston Villa, is the Kaiser of captains. As a rule, a captain has all his work cut out to attend to his own play when on the field. Not so Devey, however. He not only does his share of the work, but sees that the others play as he wants them to. He issues orders all through a match in the most autocratic fashion, and woe betide the players who neglect to carry them out.

G. C. Vassall always takes the ball up to the corner flag before centreing.

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G. O. Smith never kicks off without first placing his right foot on the top of the ball.

Another person of eloquence is Robinson, the Southampton goalkeeper. On the field he not only takes care of goal, but makes sure that the referee knows all about the "off-side" rule. At least, that is the impression he gives the spectators by his frequent button-holing of the unfortunate official. It is said, in fact, that Robinson can rise to great heights of eloquence when "speaking gently" to the man with the whistle upon a decision with which the custodian does not agree. He practises diligently, and hopes to become a Cicero or Demosthenes some day.

Little Johnny Holt, who made his great name as a half-back when playing for Everton, is a regular "artful dodger," and the way he claims a foul might excite the sympathy of the most hard-hearted. Sometimes, the moment he is touched, down he falls, and up goes his hand in appeal. Should the referee not give him the decision, Holt gets up and walks away with a look on his face which clearly indicates that he thinks himself badly treated.

Holt is a great authority on the transfer question, and is ever ready to either talk or write against the iniquities of club directors in the matter. It is a dangerous subject altogether with John.

Millward, of Everton and Southampton fame, the Adonis of the football world, whose moustache is his pride and glory.

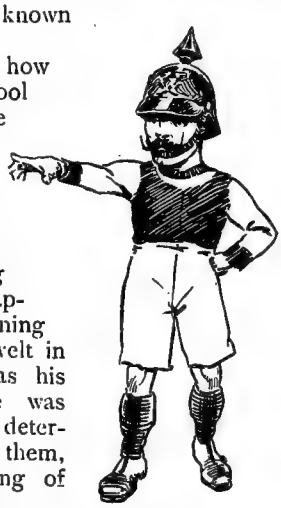
Those who have seen Foulke are not likely to forget the sight. Over twenty stones avoirdupois stands between the goal-posts when he takes up his position, and as his opponents rush for his goal he lumbers out to meet them with elephantine playfulness and agility. He stops so many of the shots—by the ball hitting his huge body, the opposing forwards declare—that several of them are anxious to have a special rule passed to apply to him. Their proposal is, so it is rumoured, that a figure the size of an ordinary player should be drawn on Foulke. If the ball hits him inside this figure it shall be recognised as a fair save; but if it hits him outside the lines the shot must count a goal. Whether the matter will be laid before the Football Association or not I cannot say.

J. Bell has a weakness for doing the "splits" when on the field.

Perhaps the greatest peculiarity shown by any player in Scotland is R. McColl's method of taking a penalty kick. This player begins by putting his hands as far into his pockets as they will go, and then, walking up to the ball, quietly tips it into the net. And he has scarcely ever been known to miss scoring.

We all know how fond public-school boys are of the Rugby code, and wherever they go they carry the game with them. A story is told of a worthy young curate, who was appointed to a mining village that still dwelt in darkness so far as his particular pastime was concerned. He determined to enlighten them, so called a meeting of the miners.

They accepted the suggestion, a ball was bought, and practising began.



"Kaiser" Devey, the autocrat of the football field. Woe betide the player who fails to carry out his orders!



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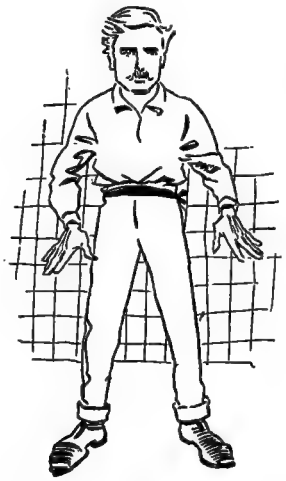

Why Reader always kept goal in his trousers has never to this day been explained.

The men enjoyed their new sport, particularly the scrums, though most of them never seemed to trouble about the rules. One eventful Saturday a trial match was played. Every villager that could walk or crawl turned out to see it, and as the game progressed their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The curate was referee.

First one side and then the other gained the advantage, until at last the ball was kicked into the next field. The scrummagers took no notice of this, but formed up for a pack, and began pushing against each other as hard as they could. "Hold on, there," shouted the curate, "wait till I get the ball and throw it in." "Oh, never mind the ball, sir," came the reply from one of the novices, "let's get on with the game."

J. E. Doig invariably wears a cap. Do not ask why!!

Since that time knowledge has increased, and now it is the poor, unfortunate referee that is generally considered the ignoramus.

Traill, of Derby. What do the rude boys remark when he appears on the field? "Get your ——!"

The referee may occasionally be a little slack; but one who was recently put through his facings showed he knew something. He belonged to an outlying district where railways were scarce, so the members of the local Rugby Union thought they would select a few likely men for the post, put them through an examination on the rules, and appoint the most capable.

The candidate of the story had answered every question satisfactorily until he was asked: "If the ball were to hit the cross-bar and lodge on it would you consider it a goal or not?" He scratched his head for a moment, and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, I've never seen that occur, and if I did, I'll be hanged if I would not consider it a miracle." He passed.

Among those who play under this code, probably R. O. Schwarz carries off the palm for personal neatness. No matter what the state of the weather, he always looks smart and spruce, and no one has seen a hair of his head ruffled even after a game in the mud. A. F. King-Stephens, like A. E. Stoddart before him, winds up his run by jumping over the full-back. This peculiarity, by the way, came near ending the days of the famous Middlesex cricketer once. He was playing in an Old Leysian match at Blackheath, and, being collared while jumping, was brought down with such force that he did not recover consciousness until the following day. Some bowlers think that particular collarer was not severe enough.

H. Rottenburg, of Scotland and Cambridge University fame, who is just now engaged in the Westinghouse electrical works, at Pittsburg, U.S.A., always made his appearance on the field with his hands in his pockets; while G. Fraser, of Richmond, being indifferent to heat, has the collar

Robinson, the Southampton coal-keeper, has a few gentle words with the referee.

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of his blazer turned up. G. L. Crimp, the Old Merchant Taylor, seems to be troubled with St. Vitas's dance, for he is never still a moment. J. Daniell, known among his friends as "The Prophet," likes to reserve his strength for the game. He walks on to the field leaning on one of his colleagues' shoulders.

I may, without fear of contradiction, say that no more popular man goes near a field than Kent's hon. secretary, G. H. Harnett. Who has not heard his shouts of encouragement and cheers in the course of a tough struggle? His enthusiasm is contagious.

Still, there are places where even he has had a rough experience. Who said Cardiff? Well, yes! A Cardiff crowd has been known to disagree with Mr. Harnett's decision, but the man who led the attack against the referee was a subject for the doctor immediately after the row.

E. B. Holmes, president of the Midland Counties, came near getting a ducking once through being mistaken for Mr. Harnett. The latter was watching a match at Northampton, and Mr. Holmes was referee. Two of the spectators stood next to the Kent secretary discussing some of the decisions, when one suddenly asked: "Who is the referee?"

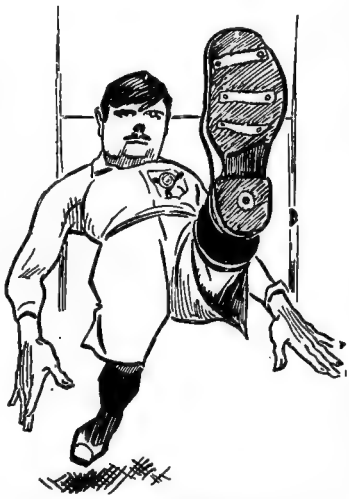
"George Harnett," replied his friend. "He's a Londoner, is he not?" asked the questioner. "Yes," said his companion. "Oh well, that's all right, we'll duck him in the lake after the match."

"Perkin" Tarbutt: "Don't tell anyone—I'm really a forward."

Whenever he can he leaves the scrum and joins the three-quarters.

J. A. Smith, secretary of the Scottish Rugby Union, is looked upon as a father by all players north of the Tweed, and none of them feels happy unless his "I told you so" has been heard at least a dozen times in any discussion they may be having. He has a great opinion of his voice, and it is a marvel to hear him sing "Jock McCaw."

A. O. Jones, the well-known Notts County cricket captain, now in Australia with A. MacLaren, has a weakness for drop-kicking. This seems a lost art among present day footballers, and it is pleasant to see that we have at any rate one worthy successor to G. C. Lindsay, who, a few years ago, scarcely ever played a game for either Oxford University, Scotland, or London Scottish without "doing the trick" for his side. Mr Lindsay, having given up playing football, has joined the ranks of those who write about the game, and his notes in one of the leading sporting dailies are widely read.



H. T. Gamlin never kicks with his right foot.

A. F. Todd, of Blackheath and Kent, can be generally heard shouting: "Come on boys," as he leads his forwards in a rush. The London Irish scrummagers are kept informed of the whereabouts of the ball by the dulcet tones of L. M. Magee's voice. H. T. Gamlin, England's full-

J. Daniell, known among his friends as The "Prophet," likes to reserve his strength. He makes it his custom to walk on to the field leaning on one of his colleagues' shoulders — on Alexander's for preference.

Little Johnny Holt never loses an opportunity for claiming a foul.

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Stephen Bloomer has many ways of getting up after a fall. Here is one.

back, kicks only with the left foot. C. Dixon's cry of "Jump!" at the line out has been known to lead to disastrous effects for Blackheath. Still, as he has "trained hard," his club-mates forgive him. His friend, P. C. Tarbutt, while ostensibly a forward, takes the earliest opportunity of leaving the scrum and joining the three-quarters. He thinks he would shine in the latter position. He answers to the name of "Perkin."

A. B. Cipriani (Harlequins) and J. H. S. McArthur (Old Leysians) are both record holders in their services to their clubs. The former, besides his football costume, wears a perpetual smile, and the latter has played in over two hundred matches for the old boys.

That old Scottish warrior, W. M'Millan, was always ready for the fray, and no game was too hard for him. He has done great service for Scotland, and his "On the ball, Scottish!" was a rallying cry to his side.

To judge from his appearance, one would think that E. C. Gallaway was a firm believer in the sunshine cure. His brilliant complexion naturally turns one's thoughts to autumn fields, and the healthy appearance of the Marlborough Nomad has aroused envious pangs in his clubmates' hearts.

Major W. N. Bolton, of Blackheath, is known among his friends as "Baby" Bolton. He is over 6ft. in height, and weighs 15st. in condition. These physical advantages enable him to force his way through the opposition, and he has never been seen trying to dodge round an opponent. He simply runs over him. Major Bolton served in South Africa with the Wiltshire Regiment, and was mentioned in the list of distinctions.

R. T. Skrimshire bringing in a try.

W. P. Wells's waistcoats are an everlasting source of surprise and joy to his Kensington comrades. Even Solomon in all his glory, they think, could not have indulged in a greater variety of colours. He plays football, too.

The duties of a county secretary are numerous, and the Middlesex secretary declares he was worked so hard one week that he fell asleep in his club on the Saturday night. At last the commissionaire came and shook him, and the sleeper, catching sight of the brass buttons and forgetting where he was, was heard to murmur: "I suppose I can get bail."

G. Rowland Hill, secretary of the Rugby Union, giving a decision. He sticks his thumbs into his waistcoat and his solemnity is wonderful to behold.

P. Gilliard, strictest of referees, is fond of walking, especially along the Harrow Road. He pays frequent visits to Paris with the English teams, and it is understood that he knows a few French words now.

No article would be complete without a reference to G. Rowland Hill, secretary of the Rugby Union. His active work is now that of a referee, and in the discharge of these duties he is to be seen with trousers turned up and thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, giving his decisions with the air of a Solon. Mr. Hill takes the game seriously, and the solemn tones in which he administers advice to young players is said to impress them more than an interview with the Lord Chief Justice would do.

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# AN EXPERIMENT IN DARWINISM

By W. L. Alden.

"What I like about cats," remarked my friend, "is the patient and persevering way in which they carry out their plans. If a cat sees a hole in the wainscot that gives a fair surface show of mice, she'll sit by that hole, never moving a muscle and never so much as yawning, for two or three hours on end. And if there is a mouse within a hundred yards of that hole she'll nab him at last. The only animal that begins to have a cat's patience is a scientific man. Why, I once knew a Professor who started on an experiment which was to last five hundred years at the very least, and from the steady way in which he stuck to it you would have supposed that he expected to live to see the end of it.

"The thing came about in this way. One evening the Professor was disputing with another man in a *café* near the Mansion House over this theory of Mr. Darwin, that men used to be monkeys, and that they lived in trees, and went around the country with barrel-organs. The other man said that the theory was all stuff and nonsense, and that if there was the least grain of truth in it, now and then a man would show the characteristics of his monkey ancestors.

"Now the Professor had a little while before mentioned that every now and then a man would be born who was an exact duplicate of some one of his dead and gone ancestors, and this remark about men showing the characteristics of their monkey forefathers wasn't easy to answer. So he just took the bull by the horns and said that, with a little care, it would be perfectly practicable to breed a race of men that would resemble in nearly every particular the sort of monkeys from which they were descended.

"'What's more,' said the Professor, getting a little excited, as scientific chaps always do when they are arguing over some nonsensical question, 'I'll undertake to prove what I say by actual experiment. I'll guarantee that, barring accidents such as may happen to anybody, I'll produce within the next five hundred years an arboreal man, who will be four-handed, will live in trees, have a thick coat of natural fur, and a passion for barrel-organs.'

"Of course everybody laughed at him, but he was in dead earnest, and the very next

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"I used to drop into his nursery every day to see how **the kids were getting on."**

day he came to me to ask where he could get a couple of cheap children of assorted sexes to begin his experimenting with.

"I asked him what he proposed to do with the children, for my conscience wouldn't permit me to assist him in vivisecting even a boy in the so-called interests of science. He assured me that the children would be treated with the utmost kindness, and would have a better time than any other children in England. I knew that he would keep his word so far as he could, but I had a little doubt about his success, for the reason that he was an unmarried man, living alone with a single middle-aged Irishman, who attended to his wants, and it didn't seem to me very probable that either he or the Irishman would know exactly how to manage children.

"However, I told the Professor to go to one of the orphan asylums, where he could get all the children he wanted for a mere song; and he did so. In the course of a week I heard that he had secured two children (of assorted sexes) both of whom were under a year old. I thought that he would have a good time in bringing them up, but that was his affair not mine; so I didn't pass any remarks to him on the subject.

"I will say this for the Professor, that he was as good as half-a-dozen mothers to the kids. Everything was done for them that science could suggest, as he several times informed me. He kept them in a room without a particle of furniture except a soft carpet. The room was always kept at exactly the same temperature, and it was always full of fresh air. The kids didn't wear any clothes to speak of, and they were fed whenever they said that they were hungry.

"In the meantime the training of the children was going on. Instead of putting things into their hands to hold as women are always doing with babies, the Professor always made them hold things with their toes. You wouldn't believe how soon the kids caught on to this trick.

"By the time they were three years old and could pick up things of their own accord, they invariably picked them up with their toes; and the only use they put their hands to, so far as I could see, was to reach above their heads, or sometimes to put things into their mouths.

"Then the Professor planted a tree in the middle of the room—planting it in a big tub you understand. The children were encouraged to climb this tree and to use their feet as much as their hands in climbing.

"I got so much interested in the Professor's experiment that I used to drop

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into his nursery every day to see how the kids were getting on. They got on beautifully. I had had considerable experience in children myself, having been at one time an uncle of half-a-dozen children belonging to my sister who lived in the same house with me, and not one of them could compare with the Professor's kids in point of health and muscular strength. Besides, they were as happy as the day was long, and they would sit in the tree and eat the walnuts that the Professor tied to the branches, enjoying them as much as other children of that age would have enjoyed sweets.

"At first they couldn't crack the walnuts, for the reason that they hadn't any teeth, so the Professor always cracked the nuts for them up to a certain extent, and all they had to do in order to finish the cracking was to knock them against the Professor's skull—a trick which he enjoyed as much as they did, he having one of those thick, solid skulls which Nature generally gives to a scientific person, especially if he happens to be mathematical.

"'Those children are only about three years and a half old,' said the Professor to me one day. 'I allow them to eat whenever they like. Just you walk under that tree and you'll see how strong they are.'

"I never suspected any harm from such small children, and so I walked under the tree. The minute I was within reach they grabbed me by the hair with their feet and pretty nearly hauled me up into the tree before the Professor told them to stop. Then I understood what had become of the Professor's hair during the previous year. He had never had a very large amount, but now it had almost all vanished, and I imagined that those kids knew where it had gone.

"'Now, what do you think of their strength?' asked the Professor. 'A woman, being unable to comprehend the meaning of science, would have brought those children up on milk, and they would now be as weak as ordinary babies, whereas, as you see, they have the strength of an average boy of fifteen.'

"I didn't try any more experiments with the children, but I will say this for them, that they were well-behaved, as far as minding the Professor was concerned. They couldn't speak, but they could understand, and they never failed to do anything that he told them to do. He said that he had had grave doubts as to the propriety of teaching them to speak any human language, but on the whole he had concluded that it wouldn't affect the value of the experiment if they did learn to speak English, and that it might prove convenient in several ways.

"When the kids grew to be about five years old the Professor let them run in the garden, which was a big one and was surrounded by a fence of thick boards about ten feet high. They couldn't climb over this fence very well, for it was perfectly smooth, but they had no desire to try to climb it, the Professor having strictly forbidden them to do so.

"They enjoyed themselves very much, climbing the trees in the garden and in chasing each other over the lawn. The Professor had yielded to my representations that if he didn't make the children wear clothes he might get into trouble with the town authorities, not to mention the ladies of the place.

"So he had the youngsters wear a sort of bathing-dress made of fur, which left their arms and legs bare. He said that he was not without hope that this fur might suggest to Nature the advisability of covering the children with fur of her own manufacture; but Nature didn't seem to take the hint, and the Professor sadly admitted that fur was a development which could be expected only after several hundred years.

"Now it was not the Professor's idea that he could turn those two children into monkeys merely by bringing them up in a scientific way. He was no such idiot, though I admit that he was the most scientific man I ever knew. He often discussed the subject with me and I knew perfectly well what his intentions were. He meant to make the children four-handed and to accustom them to climbing trees and to living on fruit and nuts.

"This was all he expected to accomplish with them, and he pointed out to me that he had already succeeded better than he had had any right to expect that he would. After the children grew up he intended that they should be married—they not being any relation to one another—'and after that,' as he always said, 'heredity will do the rest.' He calculated that it would take from four to five hundred years for the descendants of those children to become in all respects monkeys, but he had not the least doubt that in the end his experiment would be successful.

"I differed from him, although I didn't tell him so. There would be room for a good many things to happen in the course of five hundred years, and it wasn't reasonable to expect that the descendants of those children would go on developing themselves backward

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into the monkeys, just to please a dead and gone scientific person.

"When the children had grown to be seven years or so old, they were about as strong as an average horse. If they had not been obedient children, the Professor would have had trouble with them. The fence wasn't any longer of use in keeping them in the garden, for they could climb anything, but they never tried to climb it, because the Professor forbade them to do so, and moreover told them that the world outside of his garden wasn't healthy for young people such as they were.

"But they had liberty to climb all over the house, and they would run up the lightning rod, or the waterspout, as easily as you or I would run upstairs. They would sit up and go to sleep in the gutter, where the least misstep would have cost them a tumble to the ground, but they never were known to fall.

"They were particularly fond of stealing things and taking them up to the roof to examine them. Several times they took the Professor's clothes, after he had gone to bed at night, and carried them up to the roof, where they sat down and slowly tore the clothes to pieces. The Professor didn't seem to mind this at all. He said it was a characteristic simian trait, and went a long way to prove the truth of the Darwinian hypothesis. But all the same, it cost him considerable money for new clothes, and occasionally forced him to go up to town to the tailor's with nothing on except a dressing-gown which the children had found too cumbersome to carry up to the roof.

"As I said, they were good children in the main, but they were certainly fond of mischief. One day I came into the Professor's room, and found him tied in a chair and being shaved by one of the children with a piece of a tomato can. He was suffering a good deal, but he was bearing it like a hero in the interests of science, especially as he couldn't help himself. He requested me to observe, as I untied him and kept the children away from him with a club, that they were exhibiting the characteristic fondness for imitation which monkeys notoriously possess.

"'They saw me shaving yesterday,' said he, 'and consequently to-day they try to imitate the act.' I suggested that a real monkey would have shown his fondness for imitation by shaving himself and not the Professor, and that the fact that the children preferred to shave him showed that they were still pretty human; but he wouldn't be convinced.

"On another occasion I found one of the children swinging head downward from the gutter just under the eaves of the house, with the Professor's watch in his hands. He was examining the works, and had spilt a good many of the wheels out on to the ground.

"I must say that to see the thing hanging by its toes and solemnly picking that watch to pieces did pretty well convince me that the Professor's experiment was promising to be successful, but when he came out into the garden and saw what had become of his watch, he used an expression that was more theological than scientific; and then he went back into the house in search of a whip.

"By this time the fact that the Professor was bringing up two children in an unusual way had attracted general attention, and had created considerable scandal. He kept the children out of sight when people came to his house, which was only at rare intervals, he not being a popular man—owing to his belief in the Darwinian theory and his want of interest in local politics, or indeed in anything except science. Still, the story got abroad that the Professor was bringing up two unfortunate orphans without teaching them to read or write, or giving them the least instruction in the Catechism.

"Then, too, it was said that he never allowed the children to wear clothes, which wasn't true, for they always wore their catskin bathing-dresses day and night, and it cost the Professor a good deal—in cats—to keep his children fully dressed. People all agreed that his cruel and inhuman treatment of those poor children was a disgrace to humanity, and several times a deputation of women tried to get into the Professor's house to remonstrate with him, but they never succeeded, owing to his having locked the front door and put the key in his pocket the moment they entered the front garden.

"I told the Professor that I thought he was wrong in not giving the children proper clothes and in not teaching them to read and write. I pointed out to him that they could easily be allowed to go barefoot so that they could use their feet freely, but that he ought to give them the sort of clothes that other children wore, if for no other reason than that public sentiment demanded it.

"Then, too, I insisted that teaching them to read and write would not interfere with his experiment and that it would put a stop to the hostility of the neighbours; but he refused to listen to my arguments. He asked me if I ever heard of a monkey in a state of Nature who could read and write, or

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"One day I came into the Professor's room, and found him tied in a chair and being shaved by one of the children with a piece of tomato can."

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who wore trousers and a coat, and I had to admit that I never had heard of such a phenomenon. He wanted to know if I thought it would do a monkey any real good to be able to read the newspapers, and I had to say that I thought it wouldn't. Then he said that he was trying a scientific experiment, and that it would be the height of absurdity for him to manage his experiment in a way to suit the prejudices of ignorant people.

"I knew he meant me when he spoke of ignorant people, so I considered that the best thing I could do would be to let the Professor and science take their own way.

"But the Town Council entertained a totally different opinion. They discussed the Professor and his way of bringing up the children all one afternoon, and it was in some respects the most interesting session of the Town Council that had ever been known. Pretty nearly every man had a different opinion as to what should be done in the matter; but they agreed that the Professor was a disgrace to the town, and that he must be called to account without further delay.

"About half of the Council said that the Professor was violating all laws, human and divine, by not sending the children to Sunday school; that he was clearly an infidel, and as such had no rights that any one was bound to respect; while the other half said that he was no better than a brute for the reason that he didn't teach the children to read.

"They argued the question whether or not the Professor ought to be compelled to send the children to Sunday school with so much enthusiasm that when it was time for the Council to adjourn there wasn't a single member who wasn't more or less damaged about the face and head, and there were several of them who had to be carried to the hospital.

"Well, the upshot of the debate was that the next day some members of the Town Council called on the Professor to remonstrate with him. They told him that the Council had decided that he must either clothe and educate the children in the proper way, or else consent that a guardian should be appointed for them, and that they should be taken care of at the public expense. The Professor listened quietly, and then he said:

"'I understand that you think I have done very wrong not to teach the children to read and write. I should like to ask if every man here present can read and write?'

"Now he knew very well that Mr. Kerrigan, one of the members, couldn't sign his own name, or read the news of his election, and it was Mr. Kerrigan who acted as the spokesman of the Committee.

"There wasn't any answer to the Professor's question, and so he went on to say:

"'I also understand that you insist that I give the children a religious education. Will you please tell me what religion they should be taught?'

"There was a general discussion of the subject which took up the next half hour, during which the Professor leaned back in his chair and smiled serenely, while the members called one another all the names that they had come across during their political careers.

"When order was restored, the Professor said that until the Council were ready to instruct him as to what particular religion he should teach the children he rather thought things might remain as they were.

"Then he went on to talk about the noble scientific end he had in view, and how foolish it would be to permit any regard for such trifling matters as the bodies, minds, and souls of the two children to interfere with the grand interests of science. He explained that by bringing up the children in the way he had been doing, and by marrying them to one another, which was his intention, their descendants would finally revert to the condition of their ancestral apes, and would thus prove beyond the possibility of doubt that the Darwinian theory was true.

"The chief thing to do was to keep the children and their descendants from intermarrying with ordinary people, and as long as this should be done the process of reversion to the ancestral ape would go steadily on.

"'But, Professor,' said a member of the Council, 'whom do you believe that the children of these two unfortunate creatures will marry? You say that they must not marry ordinary people, for that would spoil your experiment, but it seems to me that if you take a sober view of the situation you'll see that they must marry ordinary people or else that they must marry their brothers and sisters. I put it to you as a moral man, though I grieve to say that you are not a hopefully religious man, that you can't allow any such marriages as those.'

"The Professor was knocked all of a heap, as you might say. It had never occurred to him when he talked of the intermarriage of

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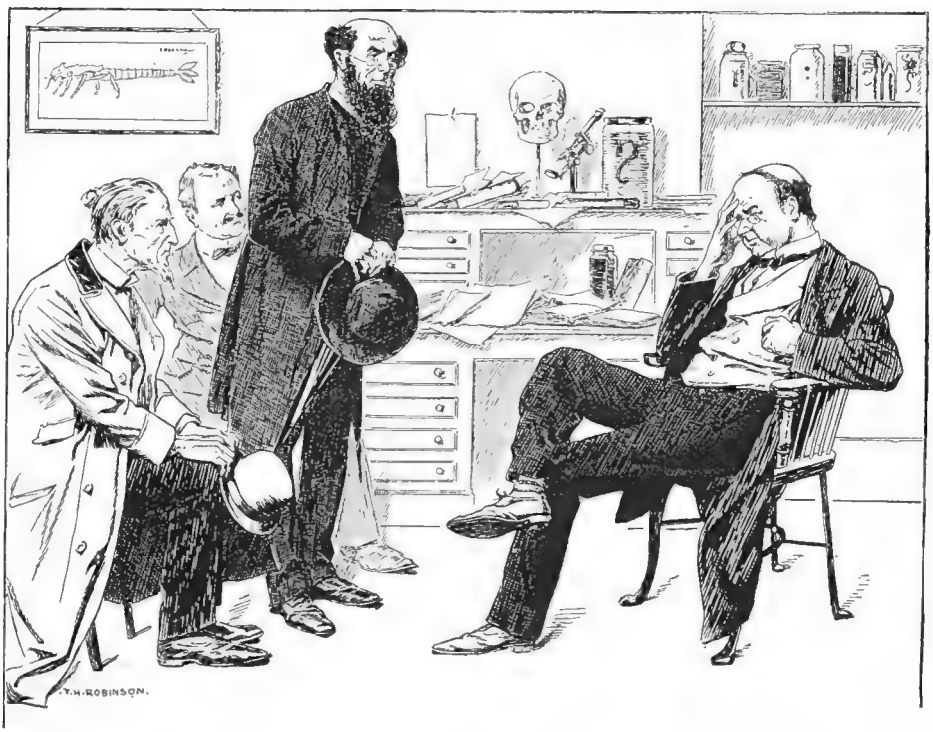
the descendants of his two children that there wouldn't be anybody for the second generation to intermarry with, except people of the usual sort, who had been raised in the ordinary way.

"What struck me as even more peculiar was that the idea had never occurred to me, and I knew little enough science to be able to think pretty clearly about most things. I suppose the reason was that when the Professor talked to me I generally smoked on in a quiet way, and heard very little of what he said. In any case, the man was right, and there was no denying the fact, so the Professor then and there admitted that he had made a mistake, and that his experiment was doomed to be a failure.

"Having no further use for the children, the Professor offered to give them up to the Council and allow them to be brought up in any way that the Council might think best. While he and the Council were wrangling over the matter, and the Council were doing their level best to get rid of the responsibility of bringing up the children, the servant came in with the news that both children had bolted with an Italian organ-grinder who had come into the garden through the front gate that the members had left open. The Professor was delighted, for he said that this was another proof of the close relationship between those children and monkeys.

"We never saw or heard of them from that day to this, though there was a report that they had been seen in a circus, where they were exhibited as the Wild Man and Woman of Borneo, and took large salaries.

"Still, the Professor always maintained that, even admitting that his experiment was a failure in its main purpose, he had proved that children, if properly trained, could be made to bear an amazingly close resemblance to monkeys, and I believe he was right, though I could have taken him to some of the best London clubs and pointed out young men who reminded me of monkeys quite as much as the children that the Professor had trained."




**"'But, Professor,' said a member of the Council, 'whom do you believe that the children of these two unfortunate creatures will marry?'"**

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# THE MAN ON THE FOOT-PLATE.

*Stories of Brave Deeds, and Strange Accidents on the Line—Of Mad Engine-Drivers, of Trains that have Lost their Engines, of Engines that have Lost their Drivers.*

By John Jones.

The train steams into the terminus, the passengers stream out to go their ways in carriages or in cabs, in 'buses, in trams, or on foot—and who of them all spares a thought for the tired man on the foot-plate, wiping the grime from his eyes with grimy hand?

Yet he has held all their lives in the hollow of his hand. Through dangers many he has steered them safely—through lonely country, through crowded junctions, past a thousand signals, over a thousand points where a divergence of one inch from the right path would have meant disaster, certain and appalling.

He is a man of tried courage, of vast resource. His ear is so trained that the pulsations of his machinery tell him an unmistakable story—a story of an engine running smoothly and well, of an engine out of gear, or of some inequality or other on the road. He knows his engine as a rider knows the horse that he has trained, and he can coax the best out of his machinery in its every mood. And he is a man of tried experience—in all probability, before he ever set foot on the foot-plate as driver, he worked three years by day and four years by night on the road, travelling as fireman some two hundred thousand miles, and manipulating a matter of some three thousand tons of coal. This is the average computation of what a fireman does in the time mentioned.

For many, the engine and the road hold a fascination as strong as the fascination of the sea for others. Thus, as some boys run away from home to go to sea, other bad boys run away to become engine-drivers. They are said to be attacked by "locomotive measles"—and when once under the spell of the engine they never rest until they mount to the foot-plate of the fastest express on their line.

The engine-driver—as you see the finished, perfect specimen, tired and grimy, on the foot-plate of the great engine in the terminus—is evolved from a small boy, whose principal duty in life is to creep through the little fire-hole doors of engines to clear the ashes from the fire-boxes. This work must be carefully done, or dirt will prevent a free current of air passing to the fire.

The small boy spends many long days and nights swarming over dirty engines, with cleaning rods and rags in hand, learning the mysteries of their mechanism. In due course of time, when he is too big to creep through the fire-hole, he attains the rank of fireman —and now he will learn to manage the breaks, to hold the points on the line, and to couple up the carriages for the benefit of a shunting-engine. He will grow nimble and resourceful, and will often be seen, at this stage of his career, running behind locomotives, and jumping upon them when in motion, after having prepared their courses at the points.

From the shunting engine he is promoted to the goods engine—and he grows in knowledge of the road, of systems of signalling, and of the ways of engines. It becomes an easy matter to him to oil an engine when in motion, balanced on a little ledge, from which a sudden jerk will cause him to fall, unless he stands prepared for the unexpected.

Under the patronage of a kindly engine-driver he gathers knowledge with every moment. In course of time he is promoted to be fireman of a passenger engine, and it is from this grade that the majority of drivers are recruited. As engine-driver, he is first put in charge of a goods train, and his work will be mostly night work. A local passenger train is the next step, and the final goal is reached when he is placed in charge of an express passenger engine.

There is a great deal more for him to

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learn beyond the habits of engines. He must learn the roads—that is to say, he must know how to find his way from one place to another upon any of the various sections of his line. He must be able to decipher the messages of his signals, when running express trains, at one glance. That this entails practice you may imagine when I state that when running a train from Crewe to London and back a driver will encounter, and have to obey, as many as five hundred and seventy signals, concerned only with his own train.

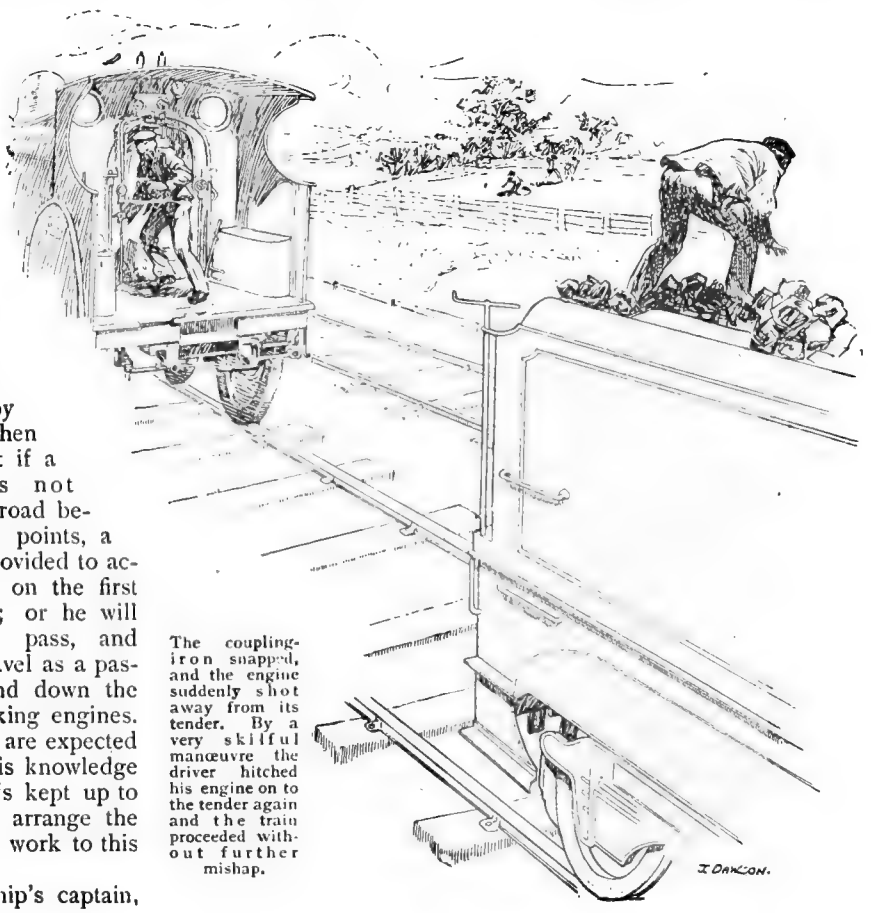
He must learn to know the roads so well that, in foggy or in snowy weather, he can locate his position at any time by distinctive landscape features; he must know where the signal posts are located, and also the gradients on his road, so that he can regulate the speed of his train accordingly. As it rarely happens that he will work regularly on one road, it is essential that he shall run over all the roads on his system as frequently as possible, so that he can note the frequent changes that are made in the positions of the signals, and in the permanent ways.

In most cases this knowledge of the roads is picked up by the drivers when firemen. But if a driver does not know a new road between certain points, a pilotman is provided to accompany him on the first few journeys; or he will be given a pass, and allowed to travel as a passenger up and down the line—on working engines. His superiors are expected to see that his knowledge of the roads is kept up to date, and to arrange the sphere of his work to this end.

Like the ship's captain, the engine-driver must be prepared to face unexpected danger at any moment. Engine-driving calls always for skill and endurance—often for bravery in facing terrible odds. The history of the railroads teems with stories of great heroism.

There is the story of the American engine-driver, George A. Sieg, who deliberately gave his life for the sake of the 600 passengers under his charge. One wild night his locomotive caught fire. He and his assistant were driven from their posts, and climbed to safety over the tender. The engine, left to itself, rushed forward with ever increasing speed, and the volume of the flames grew momentarily larger. A carriage caught fire behind the tender—and a panic ensued among the passengers.

Then Sieg acted. Battling his way through the flames, he regained the tender, climbed back to his engine, and brought the train to a standstill. When they came to him, they found him in the water-tank, his clothes




The coupling-iron snapped, and the engine suddenly shot away from its tender. By a very skilful manœuvre the driver hitched his engine on to the tender again and the train proceeded without further mishap.

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Mr. Fenwick, a skilled engine-driver, was driving Queen Victoria in Scotland, when he noticed that the communication-cord was entangled among the coal. In attempting to get it free he forgot an approaching bridge, and received a blow which proved instantly fatal.

burnt off, his body disfigured beyond recognition.

A brave and skilful deed stands to the credit of an English driver. He was running his train up a steep incline, when suddenly he noticed the rear part of another train coming headlong towards him on his line. It had broken loose at the top of the hill, and was racing back at terrific speed. The engine driver took in the situation at a glance; and stopping his train, he reversed the engine, and proceeded backwards almost at top speed, regulating the pace of his engine so that it was only slightly less than that of the oncoming carriages. Thus he allowed them to gain upon him, and received them on the buffers of his engine—but with a shock so slight that it was hardly felt by the passengers!

It was then an easy matter to push the loose carriages, filled with terror-stricken passengers, on before him to the nearest station. Had he contented himself with flight, in all probability the runaway carriages soon would have left the rails, and hurtled down an embankment to destruction.

Sometimes an engine-driver performs feats of valour that are rather too clever to meet with approval. Once some countrymen working in a field by the side of a line were startled to see the engine of a passenger train suddenly shoot away from its tender, run on ahead alone, then carefully return backwards—finally proceeding in the original direction, drawing the train, as though nothing at all had happened! This bordered on the supernatural — and the yokels talked the phenomenon over among themselves till at last it reached the ears of the station-master. Otherwise the matter might never have become public property.

It transpired that a coupling pin between engine and tender had suddenly snapped: the driver shot ahead with the engine: the fireman was left on the tender. He was about to apply the brake and stop, when the driver called to him to let the train run on, to take a coupling pin from the tool-box, and stand to action. Then, cleverly handling his engine, he brought it into touch with the tender, and sharply "reversed" against the weight of the train. This movement pushed the coupling tight, the fireman dropped the pin into place, and the situation was saved without a hitch.

The driver's reward was a reprimand.

Among the dangers that threaten the engine-driver are low bridges. Many an inexperienced fireman has damaged himself, or lost his life, through coming into contact with the edge of an arch, and sometimes experienced hands have been caught.

One of the saddest accidents of the kind proved fatal to engine-driver Fenwick when he was driving Queen Victoria in Scotland not many years before her death. This trained and skilled driver noticed, when not far from Perth, that the communication cord lay slightly entangled among the coal at the back of the tender. It was highly improbable that the cord would be required, and a

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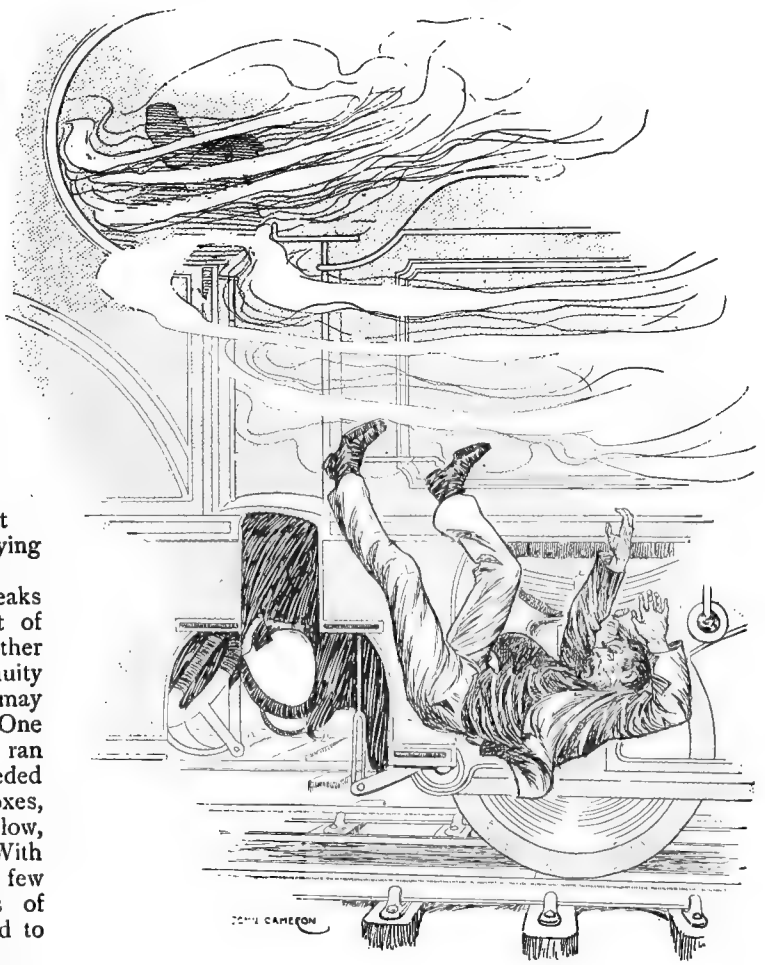
hundred men would have trusted that it would pull free if used. Not so Fenwick. Leaving his fireman on the foot-plate, he scrambled to the tender, freed the cord, and—forgot an approaching bridge! A terrible blow on the head proved instantly fatal. The Royal train steamed on its way, the Queen all unconscious of the tragedy.

A driver must often decide to act within a few seconds, when he fears danger ahead—when he sees, for instance, a horse or a cart, a strayed cow or a pack of hounds, approaching the line. A short time ago a driver on an express train passed a goods train going in the opposite direction. He noticed that though there were two engines on the "goods" there were very few carriages behind. The thought at once struck him that some of the train must be missing. Where, then, was the back portion? Instantly he shut off steam, and proceeded at a walking pace. Well that he did so, for a few hundred yards ahead he was stopped by a man waving a flag, who shouted to him that a portion of the goods train had become derailed, and that several trucks were lying across his track.

When an engine breaks down, or runs short of coal, or suffers any other mishap, a little ingenuity on the driver's part may save the situation. One wise old driver who ran short of coal, proceeded to burn his tool boxes, several pounds of tallow, and the tender-lid. With his foot-boards, and a few other little sacrifices of the kind, he managed to make his destination.

On another occasion this same driver, who had a bad habit of allowing his coal to run short, calmly drew up beside some coal trucks, and helped himself to the coal of a local merchant! For this, naturally, he was fined, and was forced to refund the value of the stolen goods.

Some drivers are dogged with bad luck, and unavoidable accidents meet them at every turn. A strange accident occurred only a few weeks ago in connection with the feed-pipe of a boiler. There is a remarkable arrangement on some lines whereby an express train can maintain its supply of water without stopping at a water tank. A trench, about a mile long and a foot deep, is dug out between the metals, and filled with water. A long scoop depends from the front of the



A train was watering *en route* when a volume of steam filled the driver's "cab." The man stepped back, missed the foot-plate, and fell out on the track. That he escaped with his life was little short of a miracle.

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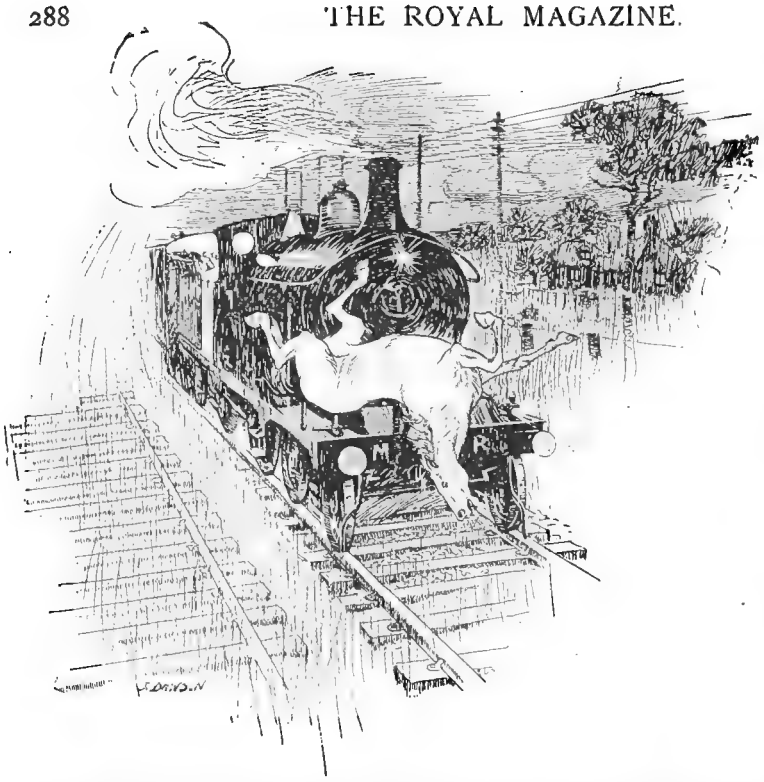

A horse happening to stray across the lines one night was caught up on to the bogie, or little platform in front of the engine.

engine, and through this scoop the water rushes up into the tank.

A great time-saver, this—when all goes right—but the other day, as an express train was watering *en route*, an unexpected volume of steam suddenly filled the engine-driver's "cab," and severely scalded the fireman. Involuntarily, he stepped back to the outer edge of the foot-plate, missed his footing, and suffered severe injuries from a dangerous fall. The pipe had been kept in the water-trough too long, so that an excessive supply of water had been forced into the tank.

A similar accident occurred on a mail train. The scoop was lowered as usual over the trough, but when the tank was full the fireman found himself unable to raise the pipe. Having no other outlet except the top of the tank, a violent rush of water overflowed, and swept the whole stock of coal, together with the shovel and tools, off the slope of the tender! The furnace door had been opened to light the fireman at the tank, and the water and coal, rushing into the furnace, very nearly extinguished the fire! Nothing daunted, the driver and his mate handled the coal with their fingers so expeditiously that they reached their next stopping-place on time.

A strange circumstance, uncontrollable so far as the engine-driver was concerned, nearly brought about a terrible accident. Drippings from a train ladened only with fish had made the rails on a certain single line in a terrible state of greasiness, so much so that the driver of an express passenger train following the fish suddenly found, on an emergency, that his breaks were useless.

He was rapidly approaching a point at which it was necessary for him to pull up, in order to allow another train to pass on a loop. In this case a station-master saved the situation. Perceiving the danger, he jumped on a horse that happened to be at hand, galloped up the line, and succeeded in warning the oncoming train just in time to allow the two trains to pull up within a few inches of one another.

A mysterious collision, proved to be the fault of neither signalman nor engine-driver, was eventually laid to the charge of an excessively violent storm. This storm was the cause of the ringing of a bell in a signalman's cabin, which made him think that the line was clear, and that it was safe to put down the signal to allow a passenger train to pass his box. As it happened, however, the line was *not* clear, a goods train was on the road, and a collision resulted.

Fog is what engine-drivers dread most. A driving snowstorm which blinds the glass of the "cab's" windows, and compels the driver to keep a constant look-out around the side, in full teeth of the gale, is bad enough—but there is more uncertainty, more treachery about a fog. Not in a few minutes can an elaborate system of fog-signals be put into working order; and meantime the mail is

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flying on, though signals may be invisible until the engine draws abreast. Often the drivers come to spots where the fog is less dense and where they can read the signals with ease — and often they have courted accidents by counting on the same conditions half a mile further on—perhaps half-a-minute's run—where, as it has happened, the white shroud again has descended heavily.

Nothing inspires uneasiness in an engine-driver's heart so much as fog. But sometimes fear seizes him, when he feels his engine suddenly jerk beneath him, and hears for a while a discordant note in the music of his wheels; and then again the rhythmical pulsations that tell that the engine is running smoothly and well. Then he knows that something — what he may not know — has been crushed beneath his wheels.

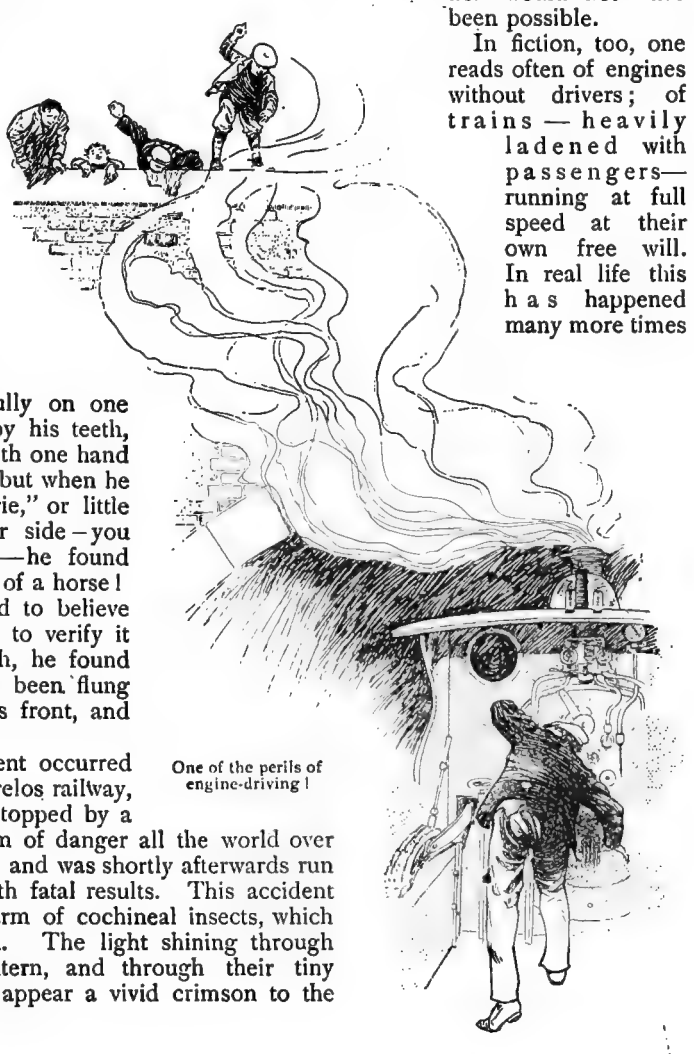
Sometimes an engine-driver may run down a straying cow or horse without knowing that he has done so. An express was running at a mile a minute one rough, wild night, when the driver thought he detected a strange noise on the permanent way. Shortly afterwards the fireman went forward along the engine to do some oiling. He did his work successfully on one side—holding his lantern by his teeth, and gripping the side-rail with one hand as he oiled with the other —but when he attempted to cross the "bogie," or little front platform, to the other side – you may conceive his surprise — he found his way blocked by the body of a horse!

The driver at first refused to believe his story, and went forward to verify it himself. Then, true enough, he found a dead white horse, that had been flung into the air by the engine's front, and caught by the bogie.

A most mysterious accident occurred some years ago on the Morelos railway, in Mexico. A train was stopped by a red signal lamp—the emblem of danger all the world over —in the middle of a section, and was shortly afterwards run into by a following train, with fatal results. This accident was caused by a dense swarm of cochineal insects, which had settled upon the lantern. The light shining through the white glass of the lantern, and through their tiny bodies, caused the glass to appear a vivid crimson to the engine-driver.

In fiction, one reads often of mad engine-drivers—but, fortunately, not often in the news columns of the papers. However, there have been several true instances where some terrible fright has turned the engine-driver's brain. One occurred on the Oregon railway, U.S.A. A driver went raving mad. He flung his fireman off the foot-plate, and, cramming all the coal possible into the fire-box, put on full steam. For nearly fifty miles the train ran at one hundred miles an hour, and it was only when the conductor and the brakesman made their way to the engine along a corridor, and succeeded in dealing the mad driver a blow on the head from behind, that the runaway train was pulled up. On a train built on the usual British system this solution would not have been possible.

In fiction, too, one reads often of engines without drivers; of trains — heavily laden with passengers— running at full speed at their own free will. In real life this has happened many more times



One of the perils of engine-driving!



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than once. On one occasion engine-driver and fireman took panic when a collision appeared inevitable, and both, with one accord, jumped, as they thought, for their lives. There was no collision, and the engine ran on at speed uncontrolled for many miles, the long passenger train behind it, with the disastrous result that was almost inevitable.

Another strange accident, free also from tragedy, befell the driver of a goods train. A signal was suddenly put up against him, so that he was forced to reverse his engine to bring it to a standstill. For a long time the signal remained up. The engine driver and fireman, having nothing to do, grew sleepy, dozed, dropped to sleep. On awaking a few minutes later the driver saw that his signal was down, and set the train in motion, forgetting to change the position of the reversing lever.

Of course, the train went the wrong way; and it was not until the gurad, in a state of frenzied perplexity, jumped from his van, and hailed the driver as the engine sped past him, that he awoke to the ludicrous situation.

The gigantic power of an engine was forcibly proved by a curious event. An engine was in its shed, and its furnace was lighted, preparatory to starting out. The fire burned faster than the fireman had calculated, and the engine began to move, with neither fireman nor driver on board. Before it could be stopped it drove its way sheer through a 14-inch wall of the engine shed.

At another time an engine was standing in a siding at a terminus "getting up steam," when it started off in the same way, with no one on board. In this case it ran for twenty miles alone, eventually crashing into a passenger train in the station of a market town, with the result that nearly twenty people were killed, and more than fifty were injured. The engine smashed six carriages to matchwood, and overturned eight others.

When the driver came on duty, his surprise may be imagined when he found that his engine had disappeared. Inquiries at the signal box revealed that the engine had passed some time before, the signalman imagining that it had been taken for a run in order to have the boilers filled, and not noticing that it was unoccupied. Telegrams were at once dispatched, and orders were given that the runaway should be thrown from the track by sleepers; but the answer soon came back: "Too late—engine passed."

It transpired that an engine cleaner had unintentionally interfered with the brakes, and that a boy had tampered with the regulator, with the fatal outcome.

Personal spite has caused many accidents. There is a well-known story in railroad circles which tells of a curious predicament brought about through an engine-driver's enemy throwing a pailful of soft soap into his water-tank. The soap coated the sides of the boiler, and prevented the heat from reaching the water, so that no steam could be generated.

To conclude with one other danger that sometimes makes the engine-driver's life unhappy. I refer to the small boy and his tricks. No engine-driver can approach a bridge with tranquility when he perceives a small boy sitting aloft, and reflects on the chances of pebbles, apples, or other missiles, hard or soft, dropping upon his head.

**OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN!**

**The Captain:**

**"Yes, sir, I'm Captain Kettle, and I'd have you remember I'm a long way off being dead yet. By James! you get *PEARSON'S* and see."**

**THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN KETTLE STORIES RE-COMMENCE IN *PEARSON'S MAGAZINE* FOR JANUARY.**

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By Sadi Grant.

Contrexeville is in a charming part of France, and has become a fashionable summer resort for the Parisians. All around it are shade and freshness, just what the inhabitants of the Gay City want, as a change from hot asphalte pavements. Green woods surround Contrexeville, where delicious little paths zig-zag about, and cool streams run by over pebbly beds. There is a well-kept Casino, where the visitors dance and amuse themselves by gambling at the "little horses." All these advantages bring strangers to Contrexeville, those who love the rest and repose of the green woods and others who only desire to amuse themselves.

Among these last, two or three years ago, was found Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville, one of the laziest and most delightful of Parisian ornamental young men. He was about twenty-eight, perhaps a little more. He had the ghost of a moustache, exquisitely trimmed, and turned up at the ends. He wore most perfectly-cut clothes, and he possessed much self-esteem combined with a thorough knowledge of the arts of pigeon shooting and lawn tennis.

Baron Alphonse arrived at Contrexeville for the season on a fine morning of July. He arrived one morning early; by the evening of the same day he had fallen most seriously in love. It was no new experience for him—he had a very inflammable heart; the smallest spark set fire to it. A word, a look, were enough to inflame the tender feelings of Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville. He was always in love; his sentiments did not vary in ardour, though they did as to the object. The last lady he distinguished by his affections was always the best, whole, burning love of his life. With the truest faith in the world he swore an eternal affection that usually lasted a fortnight.

In his first walk in the woods of Contrexeville he met a lady, young, tall, graceful—a dream of slimness and beauty! She walked alone, rather sadly, in the shade of the wood. Her dress, of indefinite colour, floated gracefully round her, evidently made by a good dressmaker. Her eyes were adorable! Poor Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville! As she passed him on the narrow path, he stood on one side and saluted her; she looked slightly astonished, but returned the salute by a small inclination of her head. It was slight, but it was enough to destroy the eternal peace of Baron de Vaudeville.

"Who is this divine creature?" thought he. "A girl? No! her grave dignity is more suited to a lady who has had some experience of life. A married woman? Despair! Fate cannot be so cruel! Perhaps she is a widow? Her dress may be half-mourning. Then I

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will not hesitate! I will place myself, my fortune, (or what is left of it) at her feet. I will marry her!"

Having taken this resolution, in which the sense of honour was worthy of much commendation, Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville started at once to find out the name, and also the hotel, of the lady destined from henceforth to be the companion of his life—its joys and its vicissitudes.

He went first to the Casino, where he met a friend, Monsieur Lebol, an old habitué of Contrexeville, and a good person to question about the fair unknown.

"Of course I know her!" he replied at once to Baron de Vaudeville's question. "She is charming, delicious, perfect! You have good taste, my friend."

"What is her name?" said the Baron feverishly.

"Roche—Rocher—something like that. Ah, I know!—de la Roche, or des Rochers. That is all I know. She lives very quietly, and never goes to the Casino. She is said to be a widow. I thought of her for myself, but I surrender her to our friendship, dear Baron de Vaudeville."

Alphonse went at once to the hotel pointed out by his disinterested friend, and asked if a lady called Madame de la Roche was staying there.

"Des Roches," corrected the manager. "She is here certainly. Room No. 14 on the first floor. Do you wish to call on her, sir?"

No, certainly not, this was advancing too quickly, so the Baron only said: "Not to-day, I think. I am acquainted with a Madame des Roches, and merely wished to know if it were the same lady now staying here. Do you happen to know her Christian name?"

"It is I who am able to tell you that," said the smiling manager's wife. "It is such a curious name that it arrested my attention. She is called Euphrosyne."

The Baron thanked her and withdrew. How much he had found out in one afternoon! Her name, her hotel, even her Christian name—a name so full of romance, of delicate poetry! The Baron possessed a book, a series of thirty-four love-letters, advancing in fervour from the first polite breaking of the ice to the rhapsodies of an accepted lover. Only a few words had to be altered to meet each individual case, so Alphonse sat down, and in his best handwriting copied letter No. 1.

"Madame,—To see you is to love you, etc., etc."

He added a phrase or two of his own composition, dealing with the name of Euphrosyne, the ancient history of which he looked up in a classical dictionary; and he sent off his letter that same evening to Madame Desroches at the Hotel Richelieu. The next day Baron Alphonse walked again in the same path in the woods where he had seen the lovely lady the day before. He again saw her, but alas! she passed him with the same indifference as yesterday—she scarcely noticed his very deep bow.

"I must go at once to letter No. 7," said the Baron. "The first letters are not sufficiently *empressées*." He hurried back and wrote No. 7. "Adored angel! idol of my life, divine Euphrosyne, etc., etc., etc." After which he set out for the Casino, to pass a saddened evening. Men are naturally so conceited that they are never astonished if people pay attention to them; this was the case with Baron Alphonse, who took it as a matter of course that women, even the ugliest, should fall in love with him. This evening one ill-favoured lady certainly paid him a great deal of attention. She was indeed ill-favoured, not to say positively ugly. She had a short figure, little rat-like eyes, false hair, and a bony neck. She was forty-eight at least. This lady pursued our friend, the Baron, from room to room, from the refreshment-room to the ball-room, to the salon, to the reading-room; she was like a nightmare; he could not get rid of her.

"I can understand that I am admired," thought the Baron, "but really, by this person, it is no compliment!"

At last he left the Casino, and returned to his hotel. Oh, what joy! on his dressing-table lay a little box containing some forget-me-nots, a morsel of ribbon, and a few words of encouragement from the lovely unknown.

"Take care, be prudent," she wrote, "great circumspection is necessary. One day I will tell you why. If to know you are loved makes you happy, be happy, my friend!" This precious letter was signed by a single "E." Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville was overpowered by his emotions; he kissed the forget-me-nots, he placed the ribbon next his heart, and he sat down at once to write his adored one letter No. 8.

When next day he met the lady in the wood, he affected a coolness he did not feel; and she, with great prudence, scarcely raised her eyes in answer to his salute. But in the evening, another box of flowers came, and another note, this one containing a lock of her hair.

"How one's eyesight deceives one!" said

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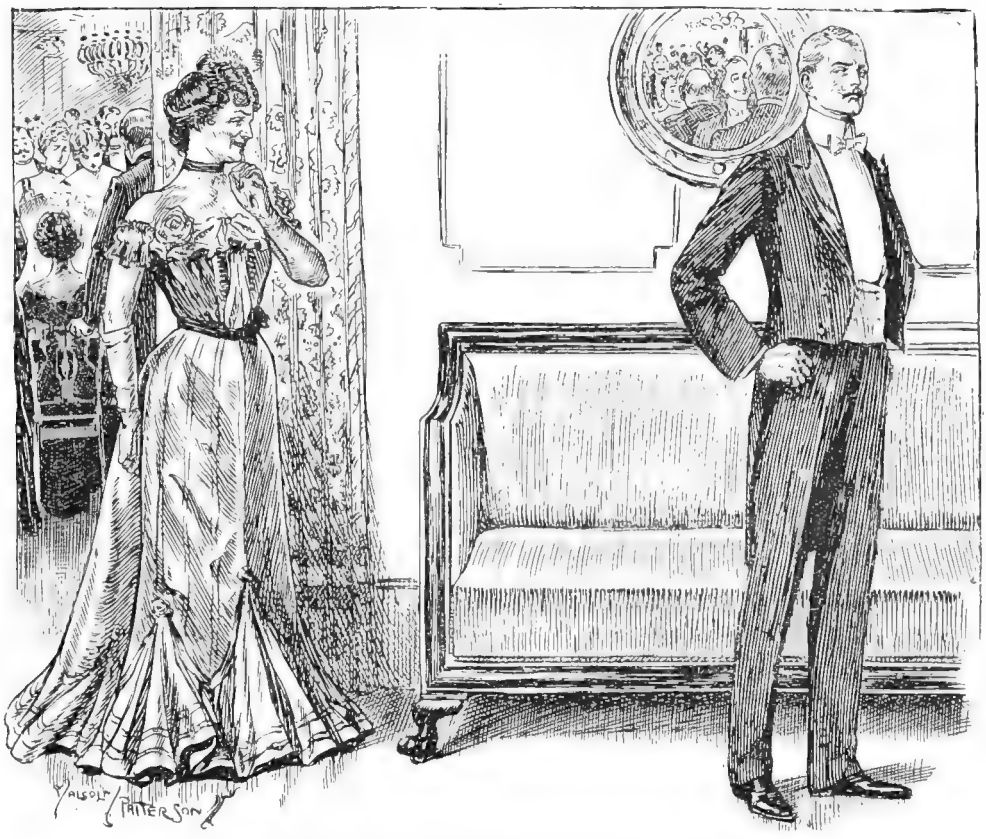

**This lady pursued our friend, the Baron, from room to room.**

the Baron to himself, "I thought her hair was a lighter brown." But what did that matter? He rushed to the jeweller's and bought a locket, in which he enshrined the precious relic. So matters went on for more than two weeks. Baron Alphonse had now got to No. 23 in his series of letters—it was very impassioned indeed.

In answer to the letters he had received many flowers, old gloves, handkerchiefs, and bits of hair. Yet when he met the lady she was cold and icy in her demeanour as ever; and still all this time, also, he continued to receive the attentions of the nightmare lady at the Casino. Soon, the Baron felt, a climax must be reached. Time passed, the season advanced, and soon all the visitors would be thinking of leaving Contrexeville. Baron Alphonse decided to write a final letter—the last of the series—declaring his matrimonial intentions and asking for a definite answer. He was sitting in his room waiting nervously for an answer, when somebody knocked at his door.

"Can this be it?" he murmured nervously, and he called out "Come in."

A tall, fat man entered with a paternal air. The Baron thought he had met him somewhere, but could not remember where.

"Sir," said the visitor, "you must excuse me. I have a frank nature and I go straight to my point."

"Pardon me also," said the Baron, "but to whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"Ah!" said the visitor, "I had forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Desroches, sir, Léon Desroches, a merchant of Bordeaux."

The Baron paled! Desroches? Then there was a husband! Ah! things were becoming complicated. The Baron was a brave man. All the same, he rather regretted having sent off the whole series of those impassioned letters.

"Dear sir," continued the visitor, "let me explain myself. It appears that you are in love with my wife."

"Sir," stammered the Baron, "believe me——"

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"Let me continue," broke in the other. "Dear sir, I am not angry, as many might be. On the contrary, I am enchanted, and I think we can make a pleasant little arrangement to suit everybody. It is a chance I had never hoped for. You love Euphrosyne—you have indeed a curious taste! First, she is ugly—ugly to make one shudder! Then her character! Ah, I have known the sweetness of it for twenty-six years. But still, all that is your affair! I will not disturb your opinion for worlds, as you love Euphrosyne!

"The other day I found a packet of your letters, tied with pink ribbon. I read them. I roared with laughter. These letters are well written, beautifully written, but in the poetry of your nature you compare Euphrosyne to 'a lily, a pure lily that a zephyr bends.' Ha, ha! It would take a good strong zephyr to bend Euphrosyne! But it is a charming thought! I repeat, such is your poetic nature! Then, in yesterday's letter you say you wish to marry her—my wife. Well, we will try to arrange it. We will all go to Bordeaux, and you can go off with her; trust to me. I will arrange it. I will even pay the law expenses of the divorce. I cannot express my gratitude for the service you will render me. Thus I give you Euphrosyne! and we remain good friends. This is my proposition, sir; how does it suit you?"

"Can you tell me," gasped the Baron in a trembling voice, "if there is another lady in Contrexeville of the same name as yours?"

"No, not quite the same," said Monsieur Desroches, "there was a charming little lady, Madame de la Roche, a pretty young widow, who was in the hotel next ours—she left yesterday. Ah, she was charming! but Euphrosyne!—however, each man has his own tastes!"

"Sir," said the Baron, with dignity, "I will think over your proposition, if it can be done with honour. In two days I will give you my answer. Till then, I beg, not a word on the subject to Madame Desroches."

"This is my proposition, sir; how does it suit you?"

"I give you my word," said the excellent Monsieur Desroches, and departed smiling; but Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville had no smile left in his composition—he was devoured by despair.

"I see the mistake," he said to himself, "I mistook the hotel!"

Horror! he had kissed the ribbon that had encircled the fat lady's neck, he still carried on his heart a locket containing her hair! He tore it out and trampled on it; then in the evening he took the train for Paris, and Monsieur and Madame Desroches waited for him in vain. No more would the shady woods of Contrexeville see Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville wandering pensively along the zig-zag paths!

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# THE LITTLE WHITE STAR

By H. Clifford Mortimer.

Long since had the sun arisen over the heights of the craggy Drakensberg, and far in the distance could be heard the lowing of the cattle as they were driven out to pasture, and the chanting of the girls as they brought water from the spring; but still Nbamuti, the Witch-doctor, sat crouched before the fire of his lonely hut among the mountains, gazing with unseeing eyes at the dying embers, with head bent low as if in thought.

Nbamuti, the Witch-doctor, was called by some Nbamuti the Cruel. In his hands lay the fate of nations, for was he not the chosen servant of the Spirits of the Air?

And as he sat, Bho the Evil, a large snake, lay coiled up at his feet, watching him with its shining beadlike eyes.

Presently it glided towards him, hissing softly as it went. Then Nbamuti took it and twined it round his neck, and spoke with it as though it understood.

"Bho," he said, "Thou art wise and very cunning, for within thee dwells the spirit of Incwadi the Isanusi, whom some men called 'the Wise,' but some 'the Evil.' Tell me, Bho, how I may avenge myself on him, for whom death is by far too sweet.

"Shall I tell thee again," he went on, gazing deep into its sparkling eyes, "of the man of whom I speak? Listen, and perchance we may be able, thou and I, to devise some plan to bring him to the dust. Listen, and I will tell thee all the tale.

"Thou knowest the White Man who dwells on the hill called 'Mkulu? A trader he is who sells my people goods. Katala, the people call him. It is he, Bho, whom thou and I are to make to rue the day of his birth. For as to-day I sat amongst the people, casting the bones and singing warlike songs, this man, this Katala, came upon us, as the people sang the chant of Death. He stood and he cried in a loud voice, 'What does this mean? Stop this folly!'

"And when they would not, Bho, he strode up and seized me,—me, Nbamuti the Wizard, Nbamuti the Foreteller of Evil and the Reader of the Things to Come; and he cast the bones into the fire, and trod them down, and while the people stood cowed and fearful, he struck me with his whip across the face, saying that I was a liar and a cheat, and—and——. But, hark!"

In a moment all traces of emotion left him, and he was crouching once more before the fire, listening, for he had heard the footsteps of one coming up the path towards the hut. Presently a grim smile crossed his face. "Bho," he whispered, "thou hast done well. It is 'Mlomu, the servant of the White Man, Katala."

Nearer the footsteps approached, and pre-

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sently he who came burst forth into a chant, singing as he walked. Then Nbamuti stirred the fire, and cast upon it a powder, which caused a pungent smoke. Soon the footsteps halted before the door, and the voice of 'Mlomu cried: "Father, art thou within?"

"Enter, my son," the Witch-doctor answered, and presently 'Mlomu entered.

"Hail, father," he said, as he stood upright within the hut.

"Greeting," said Nbamuti, and then was silent, gazing at the column of smoke that arose from the dying fire. And Bho the Evil uncoiled itself, and glided, with a muffled hiss, under a pile of skins which lay in the corner.

After they had remained thus for a long while in silence, Nbamuti said unto him that waited, "Sit." So 'Mlomu sat, glancing uneasily at the strange weird things that hung upon the wall.

"'Mlomu," said the Wizard in a monotonous, hollow voice, "tell me of this master of thine, this White Man who you call Katala."

"What wouldst thou know of him, father?"

"Tell me all, 'Mlomu," said Nbamuti. "All concerning him."

"It is well, my father," he said; "I will tell thee all, for well I know that nothing may be concealed from thee. It is now many moons since this white man came hither and built a house upon the hill 'Mkulu, and with him he brought his little daughter."

"*Hau*, what say you?" said the Wizard, looking up from the fire and gazing at 'Mlomu with his piercing eyes. "Speak, has this man a daughter?"

"Yea, father," answered 'Mlomu, with a smile, "a little maid as fair as the lilies that flower in the kloof, with hair as yellow as the sunshine and eyes as blue as the dwelling of my Lord the Sun. Irene, the White Man calls her, but with us she has another name, for we call her *'Nkenyeza 'Mhlopi*, the Little White Star. Behold, she is the very apple of her father's eye. She is but seldom from his sight, and then he will trust her to none but me."

So spoke 'Mlomu, and when he had finished speaking the Witch-doctor gave a low whistle, and forth from the heap of rugs glided Bho the Evil. And Nbamuti caressed it, and spoke with it in a low voice, with a strange smile of exultation upon his face. And presently he spoke once more aloud.

"'Mlomu," he said, and his words were spoken with a martial ring, "'Mlomu! Gone is the pride of the Zulu race. No longer do their impis roam the hills invincible, and the vulture and the jackal no longer flock after them to the fight. The vulture is hungry and the jackal is howling for blood. For blood, 'Mlomu, for the blood of the whites! For who are they that have done this thing? Who is it that have crushed the might of the Children of the Heavens, and made them as dogs? Answer me, 'Mlomu, who is it?"

"It is the Whites, father, the *'Mlungu* who swarm from the sea."

"Yes," continued the Witch-doctor, "it is the Whites. It is the accursed *'Mlungu* whose land is far across the waters. But it will not always be thus. The time of deliverance is at hand. But one thing remains to be done and the Whites shall be swept from the face of the land; and thou, 'Mlomu, son of 'Nyama, shalt do it."

"How may that be, my father, for, behold, I am even now the servant of a White Man?"

"It matters not, 'Mlomu; it was ever the custom of the Spirits to place their work into strange hands. Listen, and I will tell thee what thou hast to do, and let my words sink deep into thy heart. But one thing remains to be done ere the Amazulu rush o'er the land like a devastating flood and sweep these accursed Whites into the sea. And this is the thing, 'Mlomu, that must be done. There is a certain charm of strange powers, the secret of whose composition I only of the sons of men know. Much of this must be prepared and given to the sons of Amazulu, that they may be victorious in the war. Dost thou hear me, 'Mlomu, son of Nyama?" and he fixed his blazing eyes upon the face of his hearer.

"Yea, father, I hear," said 'Mlomu.

"And before that charm can be made, 'Mlomu, which shall mean victory to thy race, it is necessary that a child should die. Dost thou hearken well, 'Mlomu?"

"Yea, father, I hearken well," said 'Mlomu in a dreamy voice, still gazing deep in the Wizard's eyes; and for a long time they sat thus, while Bho, intently watching, lay coiled up betwixt them. Presently Nbamuti moved, and cast more powder on the fire, so that the smoke arose in a great white column. "Gaze," he said, "gaze, 'Mlomu, on that smoke, and thou shalt see the face of her whom the gods have ordained to die that thy nation might live."

And, as 'Mlomu gazed, slowly the smoke took shape, and he saw before him the face of Irene, the White Star, daughter of the White Man, Katala. Then his heart

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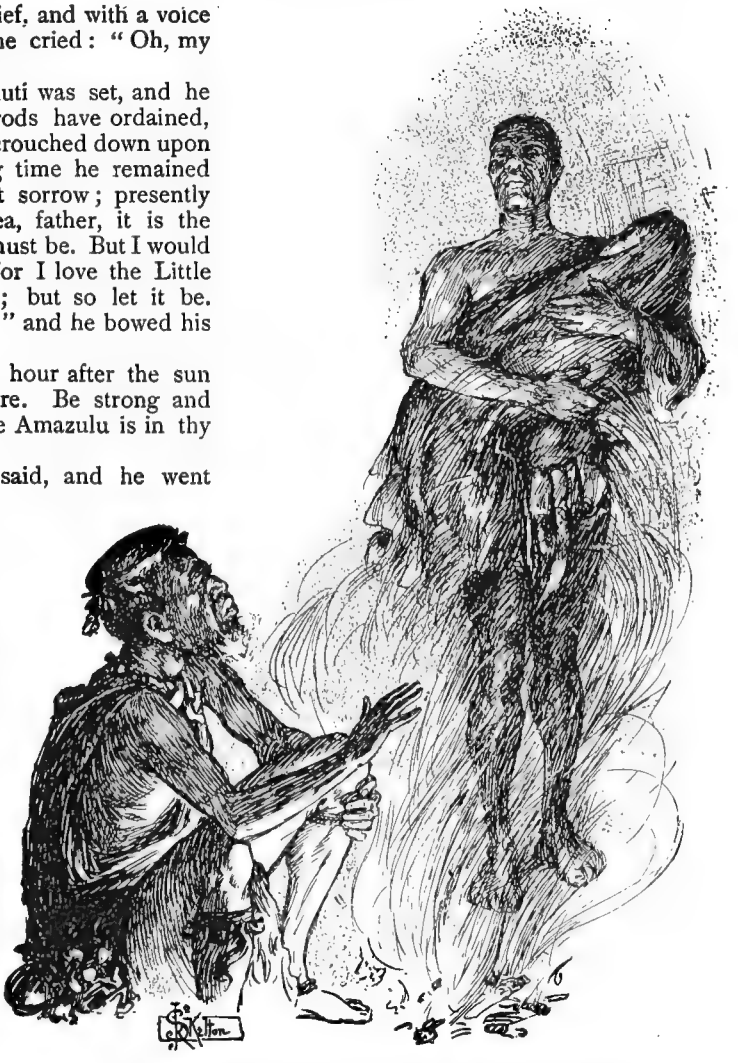
as filled with a great grief, and with a voice that shook with emotion he cried: "Oh, my father, not she, not she!"

But the face of Nbamuti was set, and he said only: "What the gods have ordained, that must be." 'Mlomu crouched down upon the floor and for a long time he remained silent, bowed with a great sorrow; presently he arose, and said: "Yea, father, it is the will of the gods, and so must be. But I would that it were otherwise, for I love the Little Star as mine own child; but so let it be. When shall I bring her?" and he bowed his head and waited.

"To-night, my son, an hour after the sun sets, I will await thee here. Be strong and fail not, for the fate of the Amazulu is in thy hands."

"I will not fail," he said, and he went down the path with his head bent very low, and Nbamuti noticed that he no longer sang as he had done when he had climbed the slope. At the door of the hut Nbamuti watched him go, and long after he had gone, there in the gateway Nbamuti sat, gazing into the distance, and in his heart was an unholy joy.

Presently, through the darkness, a form was seen climbing the hill towards the hut, and soon 'Mlomu stood before him, a hard set look upon his face. In his arms, wrapped in a rug, he held Irene asleep. His step was slow and his look was sad, and he said to Nbamuti: "My father, let it be swift and painless; see, she knows no danger here, but sleeps most gently, thinking I have borne her home once more," and before Nbamuti could answer, he strode away into the night and was lost from sight in the darkness.



In his arms, wrapped in a rug, he held Irene asleep.

They were alone, the Wizard and the little child—the Innocent and he that was called the Evil. His heart was full of rage against the father of the maid, and hate against her, while she, poor mite, lay sleeping peacefully, as calm as if within her bed at home. But still for long Nbamuti sat, gloating over the thought of his revenge.

"*Hau*, White Man!" he muttered, "now is the time come when thou shalt see that the enmity of Nbamuti is not a trifling thing. For from this day thou shalt have but little rest at night, if, indeed, 'Mlomu spoke truth, and thou dost love the child as he said.

"The Little Star, he called her. *Hau*, she is well named, for this night the Little Star shall set, leaving her father, the Sun, disconsolate. Swift and sure shall thy setting be, Little Star, for so I promised 'Mlomu, but the grief of thy father shall last until his life be set also, and he pass into the shades of which men know not."

So he spoke, then built up the fire, and

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rose and walked towards the child. "Come!" he said, "let us look upon the face of the Star that is so soon to set," and he knelt down and drew the rug from over her.

She was sleeping very peacefully, with her head resting upon her arm. Her golden hair hung in tangled ringlets about her face. Her lips were parted, and her long eyelashes cast deep shadows about her eyes.

Nbamuti gazed upon her with parted lips. Strange, but he had never seen such a beauteous thing before. Surely the child was not of earth, but rather some vision sent to cheer the hearts of men. So he kept quite still, fearing to waken her, and when Bho, seeing his master pause, crept to his side, he thrust the snake away lest it should rouse the child.

Presently, as he watched, Irene moved and turned in her sleep. Then her blue eyes slowly opened: "Father," she said; then turned and saw Nbamuti.

Now the Witch-doctor had expected her to start away from him, but no, she turned to him without a trace of fear, and said: "*Saku bona*, where's 'Mlomu?"

"'Mlomu has left thee for awhile, Little Star," said he, "but be not afraid, he will soon return."

"I'm not afraid," she said, "I know you. You'se 'Muti. who makes the Kaffirs dance and sing. I like to heat them sing, and sometimes 'Mlomu and me creeps up and watches, only my father says it is all nonsense. But I like to see them, 'Muti, and the funny things you wear. Oh!" she continued, clapping her hands, "you've got them on now. *Do* let me see! What a funny necklace!" and she jumped up and ran to him to see the necklace which he wore.

"Oh, it is funny!" she said. "But I don't think it's very pretty, you know, 'cos it's 'streamly dirty. Take it off, 'Muti, and come and talk to me till 'Mlomu comes, 'cos I'm sure you know lots of nice stories. Oh, here's a dear little stool! I'll sit here and you can talk to me."

Nbamuti took the necklace and laid it aside, and then sat beside her near the fire. only he did not talk much, but looked constantly at her as she sat there, her elbows resting on her knees, prattling in English and broken Kaffir.

Presently she turned to him and said: "Is your *real* name 'Muti? It's not a pretty name, is it? 'Muti means medicine, and I don't like medicine, do you?"

"My name, Little Star, is Nbamuti l'isanusi. Another name I have, but men do not often call me by that name."

"Oh, I have two names as well," said she. "How funny. Would you like to know what my name is? The Kaffirs call me 'Littie Star,' but my real name is Kathleen Irene Lorimer, and I was born at Lorimer House, Southsea. Where were you born, 'Muti?—but I forgot, that's not your name. I can't remember what you said, but I'll call you Jack; Jack's a pretty name, isn't it?"

Nbamuti leaned back and laughed with great enjoyment. She would call him Jack, this little white figure; and half-an-hour ago he would have killed her. He shuddered at the thought.

Suddenly it struck him that she might be hungry, so he said: "*Ulambele na?*"

"What does that mean, Jack?" said Irene. "I can't understand such long words. Speak in English."

"You hungry?"

"Oh! hungry? Yes, Jack, I am, for you see I didn't have any tea, and 'sides, it's *very* late."

So Nbamuti brought out *maas*, and she ate a little, and then lay back and closed her eyes. "Oh, Jack!" she said, "I'm so sleepy. I wish 'Mlomu would come."

"Would the Little Star care to sleep again?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" she said. "You shall put me to bed, Jack, and hear me say my prayers. You come and kneel down here, and I'll kneel down, too, and then you must keep quite still while I say my prayers."

So they knelt down together, and thus the Little Star prayed:

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon Thy little child;
> Pity my simplicity——"

And surely the Great Spirit, who listeneth from the Heavens, had looked down and surrounded with His everlasting arms the little child that night.

When she had made an end of praying, Nbamuti wrapped her in the rug once more, and very soon she fell fast asleep.

But long into the night Nbamuti sat and watched her as she slept, and Bho, the Evil, knew better than to disturb him as he watched.

* * * * *

When 'Mlomu left the hut he was sorely troubled at the fate of the Little Star. It was strange how it could be she whom the gods had chosen to die—a little child, so helpless and so fair. Surely the charm could have been made although she still lived. What

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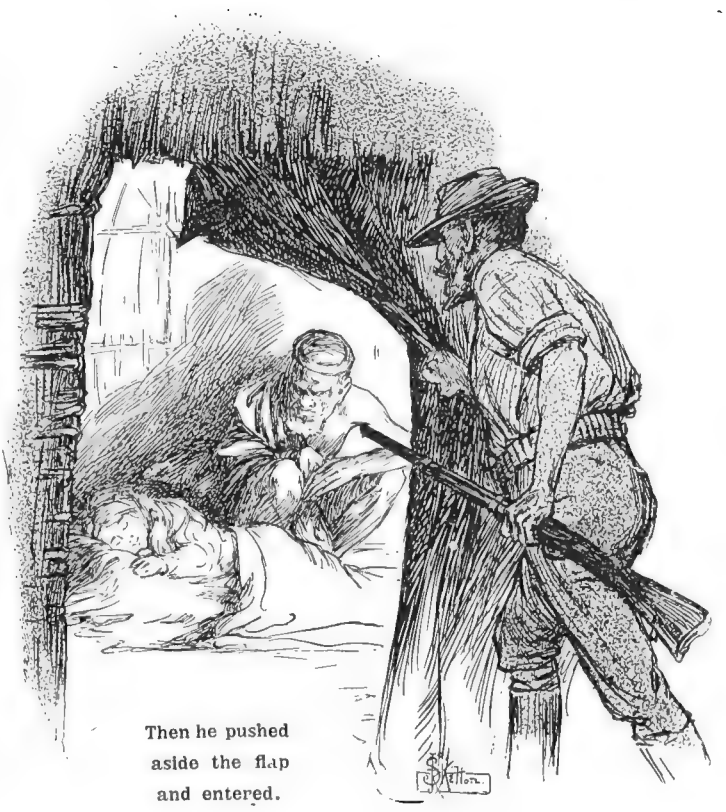
purpose could it serve that she should die?

Then he remembered her father. How he would grieve. He scarcely dared to think what effect the death of the Little Star would have on him. Perchance he would go mad – who knows?

Slain by the hand by Nbamuti! What a death!

Nbamuti the Wizard! How well he remembered that often he and the Little Star had crept up and watched him as he threw the bones. It was on the last time that they had thus watched, that Lorimer, Irene's father, had come upon the Wizard, and had cast his bones into the fire. Gods! how angry Nbamuti was then. He well remembered the look of hate on his face as he vowed revenge. Well, Nbamuti had had his revenge by this time. Revenge! How strangely this word did ring? Nbamuti had killed the Little Star for revenge, and he, poor fool, had helped to murder her!



Then he pushed aside the flap and entered.

In a moment 'Mlomu saw it all, and he turned to run back towards the Wizard's hut. But as he ran a fear seized him and he retraced his steps. He would first go and tell the child's father.

When he reached the house he found Lorimer watching for his return. The moment he caught sight of him he cried: Speak, man, where is the child?"

Now when 'Mlomu stood before him, his courage left him, and he could only stammer, "Father, she is in the hut of Nbamuti the Witch-doctor."

But Lorimer seized him by the throat, "Dog!" he said, "tell me what you mean, or, by Heaven, I'll kill you." So, slowly and in trembling accents, 'Mlomu told him all.

When he had finished Lorimer said nothing, only he took his gun and set off towards the hut of Nbamuti.

When they reached it Lorimer paused and listened. No sound could be heard within, and around them all was silent, save only the rustling of the night wind in the trees. Then he pushed aside the flap, and entered.

In the corner of the hut lay Irene, sleeping calmly, while, bending over her crouched Nbamuti. His eyes were half closed, and there was a peaceful smile upon his face.

For an instant Lorimer stood; then he rushed forward and clasped the Little Star to his heart. "Is that you, daddy?" she said sleepily. "Oh! I'm so glad you've come. 'Mlomu was such a long time, but Jack did tell me some lovely stories; didn't you, Jack?" and she turned to the Witch-doctor. "Let us go home now, daddy," she said as he did not answer, "but first you must thank Jack for taking care of me."

For a long time the White Man stood in silence and his look was very perplexed. But presently his face cleared, and, turning to Nbamuti, he said with a queer catch in his voice:

"Friend, thou art ill-named! From henceforth men shall call thee no longer the Worker of Evil, but the Doer of Good!"

But Nbamuti made no answer. Then suddenly he turned and left the hut, and as he went the Little Star called after him "Good-bye!" And when Bho the Evil would have followed him, he spurned it away with his heel.

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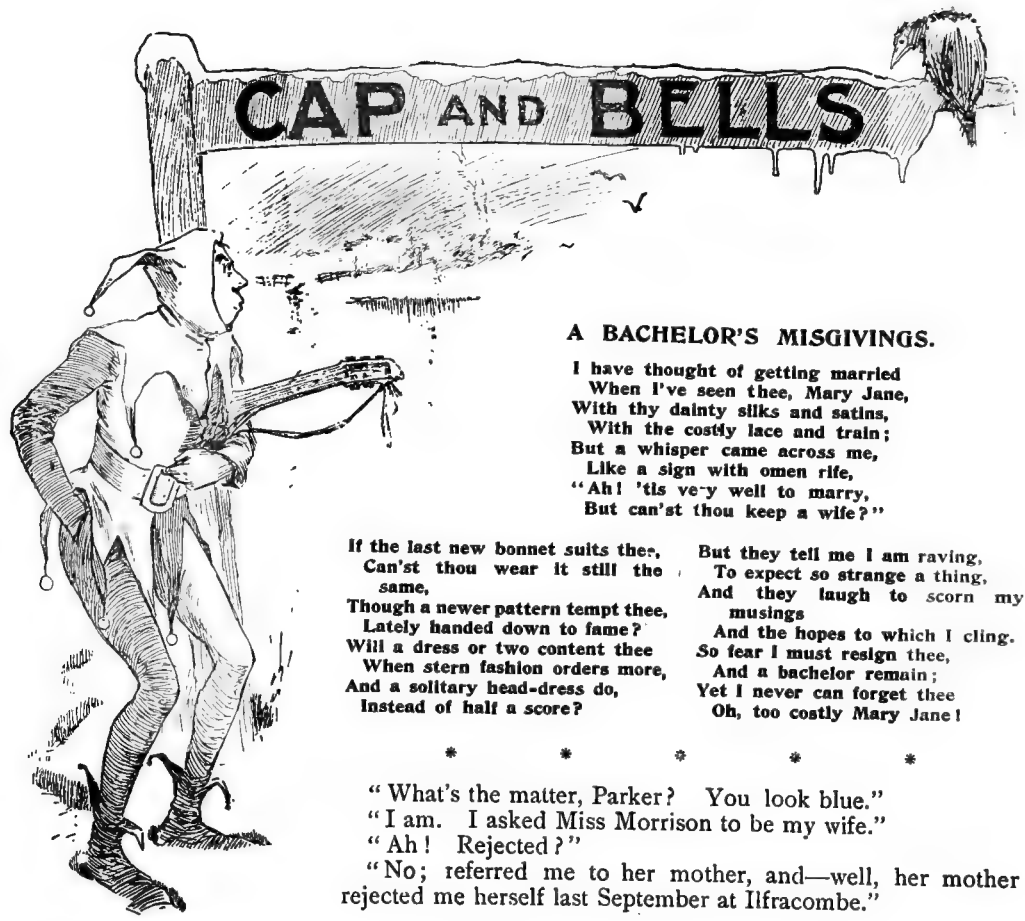



## A BACHELOR'S MISGIVINGS.

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With the costly lace and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with omen rife,
"Ah! 'tis very well to marry,
But can'st thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee,
Can'st thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern fashion orders more,
And a solitary head-dress do,
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving,
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings
And the hopes to which I cling.
So fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain;
Yet I never can forget thee
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

* * * * *

"What's the matter, Parker? You look blue."

"I am. I asked Miss Morrison to be my wife."

"Ah! Rejected?"

"No; referred me to her mother, and—well, her mother rejected me herself last September at Ilfracombe."

* * * * *

If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma!" the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out to see what was the matter with her darling.

* * * *

A little knowledge of English is, indeed, a dangerous thing. At Bombay a native baker has had the words "European Loafer" painted over his door.

* * * *

A gallant young Irishman declared to his sweetheart that he could not sleep at night for dreaming of her.

* * * *

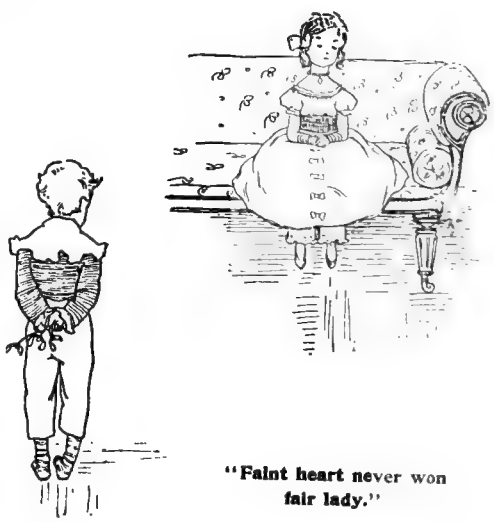
"Were you upset by the bank failure?"

"Yes. I lost my balance."

* * * *

CHAMP (savagely): "Your beast of a dog has bitten a piece clean out of my leg!"

SHARPE (ditto): "Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian!"



**"Faint heart never won fair lady."**

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A notice posted in a certain town reads: "Cash paid for butchers' hides." This shows what popular indignation against butchers may lead to.

* * *

"What is a widow?" asked the teacher of a Sunday school class, the subject of the day's lesson being the raising of the widow's son of Nain.

There was silence until she nodded to a little boy on her left, and said: "You know what a widow is, don't you?" for she knew the boy's mother was one. "Yes'm," he answered, "it's a lady what takes in washin'."

* * * *

WOULD-BE SPECULATOR (entering stockbroker's office): "Are you the broker, sir?"

SOLITARY LOUNGER (very sadly): "No, my friend, I'm the brokee."

* * * *

DR. KENLEN: "We physicians can't encourage business as you tea dealers can by offering presents to every buyer of tea."

SIFTING (the tea dealer): "Oh, I don't know. You might offer a grave in a cemetery or an oak coffin to every patient who buys £10 worth of medical advice."

* * *

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night.

"Whilst cruisin the Mediterranean," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

* * *

CONTINGENCIES.—"Now, I want to know how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter?" a young lady demanded, with a tell-tale blush, as she handed the post office clerk a communication addressed to her lover.

"That depends," said His Majesty's representative, reflectively. "If he's in gaol they only let them write once a week, and in some places only once a month, on Sundays.

"If he's dead broke he'll have to wait until he earns the price of a stamp, and I have no data on which to base an opinion of his earning capacities.

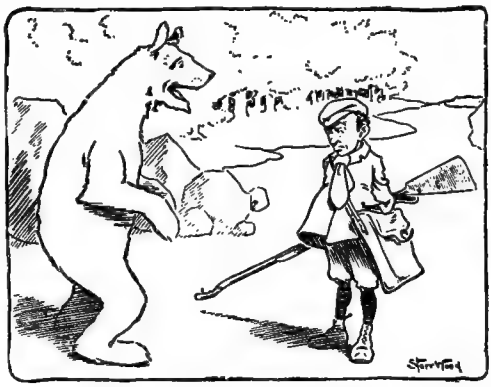
"If he's ill in bed he may feel delicate about dictating his real sentiments to a cold, disinterested third person; and if it's small-pox they won't let him write at all.

"Then, again, if he's got a new girl——"

She did not wait for the clerk to complete his catalogue of contingencies.

* * *

There is a cadet who defines a kiss as a report at headquarters.



**Hullo, Mr. Bear, don't be afraid—I—I won't h—hurt you. I—I am after rab—b—bits!**

**Anxious Mother: "I'm afraid Johnny is ill."**

**Father: "My goodness! What does he complain of?"**

**Mother: "He hasn't begun to complain yet; but I forgot to lock the jam closet to-day, and there isn't any missing."**

**The tourist passing over the beautifully situated golf links is particularly struck by——**

**——a golf ball.**

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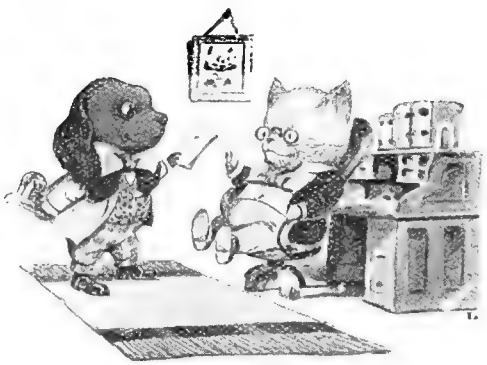


**"Can I insure you with one of our life insurance policies?"**

**"Well, yes; if you'll give me a discount I'll let you write me out nine of 'em. I'm a cat, you know."**

* * * * *

A Colonel in the French army who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men.

"Their uniforms are neat," said the Colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement I must insist upon."

"What is it, Colonel?"

"You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

* * * * *

## PLAYING COLUMBUS.

**He stood on the deck of his vessel**
**(And that was the baby's high chair),**
**His glass was a roll made of paper;**
**The kitchen he scanned with great care.**

**His crew was a cat and a baby,**
**In a tub just behind him they sat;**
**The baby looked pleased and contented—**
**I can't say as much for the cat.**

**"I know there's land just before me,**
**And near the great treasures I am!"**
**His eyes quite unconsciously wandered**
**To certain high shelves heaped with jam.**

**"Ah! here are some berries like coral,**
**They must come from off shore, I know;"**
**The baby looked hurt when he shouted,**
**"A light! See, a light!" and "Land, ho!"**

**And puss, with a gentle "me-yeou"-ing,**
**Was glad when the voyage was o'er;**
**And, arching its back in a hurry,**
**Was first of the crew upon shore.**

**The high chair just here slightly tilted,**
**And, with a big bump on his head,**
**In spite of his gallant discovery,**
**Columbus was packed off to bed!**

The best adhesive label you can put on your luggage is to stick to it yourself.

* * *

A person who had got some little smattering of zoological lore, said one day to a novice that crocodiles were often seen in tears. "Oh, that's nothing," rejoined the novice, "I've often myself seen whales blubber."

* * *

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs."

"Yes," frankly replied Mr. Meggs, "that's the side her glass eye is on."

* * * * *

"Officer, you say this man was riotous in the street, singing and using slang, and quoting bad poetry to the passers-by."

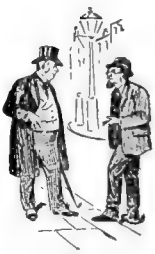
"Yes, sir."

"Ten days."

"But, your worship, I'm a poet, and I don't want to be sent to prison."

"A poet?"

"Yes, sir. I'm the greatest poet of this country, I am. My works have the largest



**Mr. Goodsoul: "For a beggar, you look rather respectable with glasses on."**

**Mendicant: "Yes, sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job."**

**"We'll call it six months."**

circulation. Everybody has my poetry in his house."

"What do you write?"

"I'm the gentleman what gits up the poetry on the comic valentines."

"Oh, you are. Well, that alters the case. Did I say ten days? We'll call it six months."

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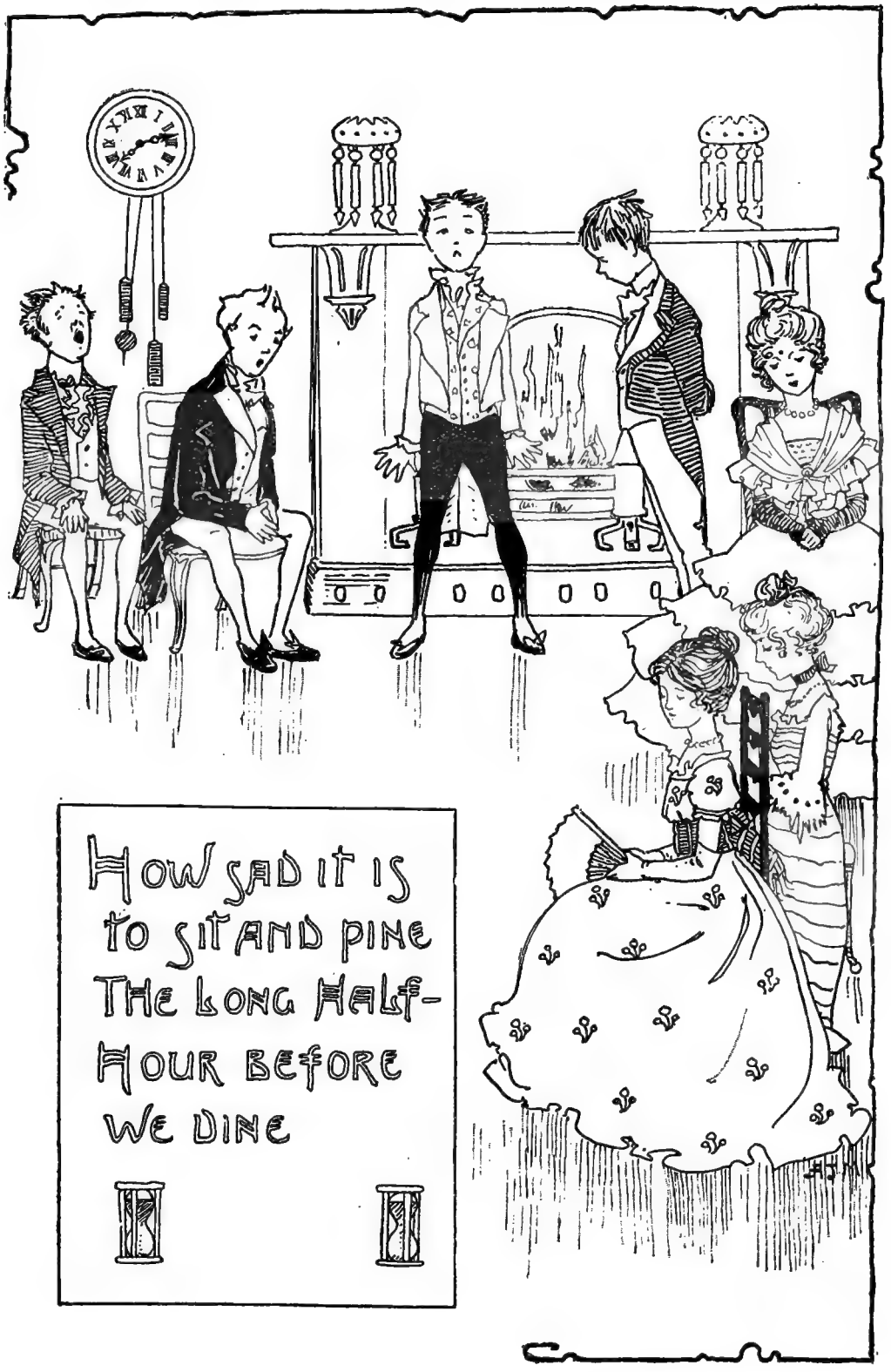

How sad it is
to sit and pine
The long half-
hour before
we dine

## "HAVE" COMPETITION.

The prize of half-a-guinea offered for the the best "Have" has been won by

MR. A. J. CAMPBELL,
BANK HOUSE,
BLANTYRE,
near GLASGOW.

When the opportunity occurs we will publish a selection from the many thousand "Haves" received.

**Servant (from the floor above): "Me lady says as will you let your daughter sing this afternoon."**

**Lady (delighted): "Why, certainly. I am glad your mistress enjoys it."**

**Servant: "Yes, mum. She expects a visit from the landlord, and wants some excuse for asking a reduction in the rent."**

* * *

"Why, you'd better knock the door down. What do you want?"

"Don't let me wake any of the family. I'm just using your knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they have no knocker."

**A TRAGEDY.**

**In a duck pond,**
**On a log,**
**Enjoying sunset,**
**Happy Frog.**

**Joyful quack,**
**Stroke of luck**
**Exit Frog,**
**Happy duck.**

*We shall be pleased to give a prize of one guinea to the reader who sends in the best set of verses in the style of the above.*

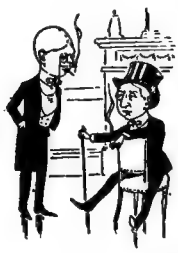
"Why do you call your pupil 'Defective Flue'?" asked one artist of another.

"Why do you suppose?"

"Because he is likely to set things afire."

"No; because he doesn't draw well."

* * *



**Cholly: "How do you know she won't marry you."**

**Chappie: "Precedent, my dear fellah. She never married anyone."**

**Cholly: "That's so, bah Jove."**

* * *

CUSTOMER: "This waistcoat is too tight for me. I'm a snuff-taker."

TAILOR: "A snuff-taker? What has that to do with the excellent fit of this waistcoat?"

CUSTOMER: "How can a man sneeze without a little slack in his waistcoat?"

## "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE."

IN the November number we offered a £5 note to the reader whose letter was first opened containing the sentence in which Jack Hislop's narrative "ceases to be reality and passes into the realm of imagination." We have much pleasure in awarding the prize to

THE REV. E. P. COLE,
28, GREAT GEORGE ST.
PARK STREET,
BRISTOL,

whose letter was first opened containing the correct sentence, which runs as follows:

"As the first knock on my door failed to thoroughly arouse me, there came a second and more imperative summons."

### THE EXPLANATION.

Jones, the landlord, called his friend at 8 a.m. as arranged, and when an answer was not immediately forthcoming, knocked again more loudly. It will be noted that Hislop was aware of both knocks, yet, in the few seconds before he was sufficiently awake to answer, he dreamed all the dramatic circumstances connected with his arrest, imprisonment, numerous trials, and final sentiments in the condemned cell—a period covering at least ten weeks.

The sequel to Hislop's actual adventure was common-place. After borrowing a hat, shirt and boots, and breakfasting with the landlord, he returned to his lodgings to find Mrs. Tandy and her daughter greatly concerned as to his whereabouts. The stalwart and bronzed stranger was indeed her son, who came home the previous day after a long voyage from South America. Unfortunately he had celebrated his arrival by getting drunk, and the old lady was ashamed to make him known to Hislop whilst in such a state. For this reason his presence in the house would not be revealed until next morning.

But Tandy, in the process of recovery, suffered from night-mare, and a rush of blood to his head caused his nose to bleed. In this condition Hislop found him, and the now half-drunken sailor, seeing a stranger in the room and finding his own face covered with blood, promptly attacked him.

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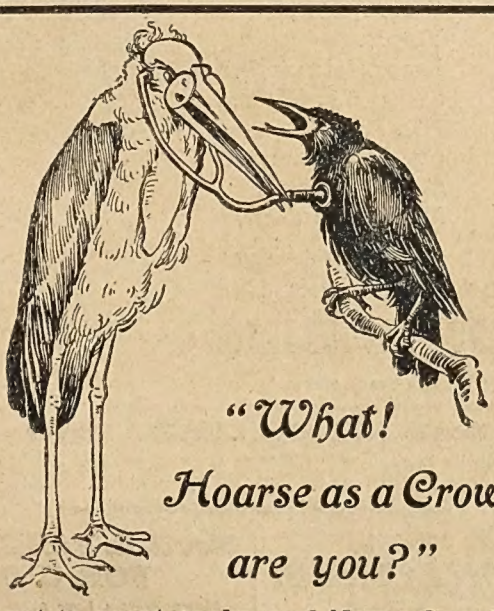
***The desire to possess beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest.***



*"What! Hoarse as a Crow are you?"*

**Well, get to roost early, and if you Cough, take**

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